ALL OUR YESTERDAYS by David L. Cohn

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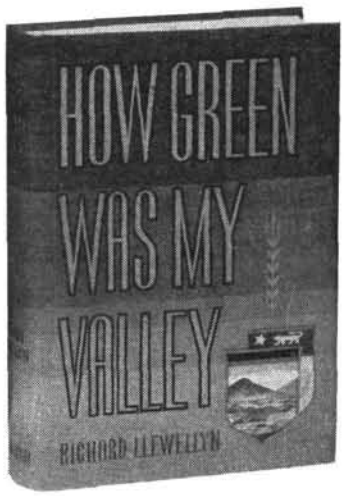

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All Our Yesterdays

BY DAVID L. COHN

"Ten years of American life march before us" . . . (Photomontages on pages 3 and 4 from the jacket of "Since Yesterday.")

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN'S "Since Yesterday"* is a moving, highly detailed, impersonal record covering a decade of our national life. As it opens the Big Bull Market is reaching its climax on September 3, 1929, just when America—all unknowing—is returning home from the last carefree Labor Day holiday that it is to know for years to come; is coming back to face a long-continuing economic crisis that will daunt the boldest spirits in the land and crush the weaker ones. At the moment, however, all is well. One hundred and forty years of the Republic's history seem to a gullible, greedy, speculating public only a wearisome detour whereby at long last Steel might reach 261¾ on the Big Board. Then with terrifying suddenness, the insensate fingers of the ticker that wrote "values" up, begins to write them down. Almost overnight the new era is done to death. The era of "beat last year," "stocks are worth fifteen (twenty, twenty-five) times earnings," "don't sell America short," crowded garages, and pots crammed with chickens, is over. The time is not distant—although few yet suspect it—when citizens of the world's richest country will fight for tidbits in garbage barrels, endure the thousand humiliations and privations of graceless poverty thrust upon them by forces which they can neither perceive nor comprehend, and be broken upon the rack of bread lines. "Since Yesterday," like "The Trojan Women" of Euripides, begins upon a note of doom and ends upon a note of profounder doom. As it closes upon September 3, 1939, the tired voice of a tired old man named Neville Chamberlain goes winging around the world saying: ". . . and in consequence this country is at war with Germany." Here, if you will, is a frozen American Genesis. In the beginning was chaos and darkness; at the end is a greater chaos and a deeper darkness.

It follows, therefore, that this is a painful—often harrowing—book to read, although the fault is not Mr. Allen's but that of the raw material of contemporary history with which he deals. Vividly and with great skill he marshals the men, the mountebanks, the measures, and the events of ten years of American life and causes them to march before us in orderly panathenaic procession: the crushed Hoover going out of the White House and the confident Roosevelt coming in; bewildered bankers seated amid the marble mausoleums of their once proud counting rooms; dazed depositors rattling the locked doors of closed banks; men jumping to death from hotel windows and men playing miniature golf; Andrew Mellon, lonely in exalted exile among the sterile splendors of the Court of St. James's; tree-sitters aloft amid the leafy beauties of publicity; Huey Long, moving to greater power and violent death; young New Dealers, drunk with the heady wine of impassioned dreams; Amos 'n Andy, beguiling worried millions with childish, psychologically false stories of Negro life; Henry Wallace, bringing to the stubborn realities of agricultural economics the mysticism of one who has heard the creeping of the secret roots of the burgeoning corn on hot Iowa nights; Benny Goodman, a bespectacled Pan, piping furiously to the flying feet of jitterbugs; Walter Lippmann, explaining, explaining, endlessly explaining in syndicated prose; the golden voice of the fireside chats laving the sore wounds of a people; the sudden, alarming revelation of the cruelty of hundreds of thousands of persons who made the Hauptmann trial a spectacle of national shame and debasement; farmers defending with shotguns the lands described in their mortgages; and—symbolically—dust storms of the Middle West whose far-flung detritus settled on distant cities of the East. Mr. Allen is dealing with a decade without dynamism, without faith in anything, without direction, and frequently without hope. The old-time religion was dead; the new and glittering maxims were based upon fallacies; the strong men were weak; the trusted prophets false. The most energetic and once most resourceful people in the world moved dogtired around and around the treadmill of indecision, bearing upon its bowed back the heavy cross of economic paradox: want in the midst of plenty.

This is a valuable but depressing book. Valuable because it is salutary to halt now and then to survey from the heights—and we are fortunate to have Mr. Allen as our guide—the tortuous way by which we have recently come, the things we have done, the things we have left undone, and the mistakes we have made. It is a depressing book to read because nearly all our misfortunes seem to stem from our own shortcomings either of omission or commission. Our energies are free to play unrestrictedly upon the world's greatest assembly of natural resources; our technical skill is unsurpassed; our population is abundant and energetic; our unsatisfied wants are prodigious; our continental security is impregnable; our hostages to fortune abroad are few. Given these conditions it would seem that we might solidly and enduringly create the new era of which we talked so brashly just

SINCE YESTERDAY: The Nineteen Thirties in America. By Frederick Lewis Allen. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 362 pp., with index. $3.

Next Week

TROUBLE IN JULY
By ERSKINE CALDWELL
Reviewed by Frank Daniel

THE NEW WORLD ORDER
By H. G. WELLS
Reviewed by Jacques Barzun

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ten years ago in 1929. Actually we are a gargantuan horse foundering upon a superabundance of oats.

There are other reasons why "Since Yesterday" saddens the reader. Nearly all the actors in it—the wise men and the fools, the mountebanks and the pure of heart—generally evoke by their actions neither hearty praise nor hearty hate. It is as though all passion had been drained out of them and out of us. They seem puppets bereft of will; somnambulists moving to the contrapuntal music of no sound. The spirit, moreover, of American adventurousness in a world far wider for adventuring than any of which the pioneers dreamed, has come blubberingly to rest on the voluptuous bosom of life insurance and old-age pensions; the feet that once went questing upon this continent stand now in slovenly WPA attitudes listlessly draped around pick and shovel. The mood of a decade of American history as revealed in "Since Yesterday," is that of a Mississippi Negro woman who, after years of hard times, said: "I feel like I lost something, and all the time been a-running."

As the unhappy nineteen-thirties move into the dark and dubious nineteen-forties, this lonely, worried, conscience-troubled country faces problems of a complexity and profundity which may make those of the preceding decade seem trivial by comparison. Millions of unemployed continue to eat out their hearts in silence as they undergo the progressive spiritual degeneration of hapless state-subsidized poverty, while to sensitive ears the machines that might give employment are already emitting the querulous whine which indicates that they are slowing down. In the poverty-stricken, colonial South men are preparing now to plant tobacco seeds in hot beds, and walk the endless turnrows of the cotton lands, growing crops for which they know there is little or no demand. In the corn-hog areas of the Middle West the devastations of Mr. Henry Wallace's lethal axe among the pigs have already been restored by the fierce fecundity of the species, so that one of the greatest pig crops of our history will soon move to market with but meagre returns for the grower. The weather has come to the aid of the wheat farmer but this simply means that fortunate farmers will be the gainers, and unfortunate farmers the losers. The long-term prospect for agriculture is that it will continue to be subsidized by the federal government at whatever cost. It is an agriculture in some of its principal divisions — cotton, tobacco, corn-hogs — which was built to supply both a domestic and an export market. Now the export market is gone and even the fillip that was expected to come from the exchange-straitened Allies has failed to materialize. The short-term prospect for industry is that the indices will continue for an indeterminate period to decline: a brutally euphemistic way of saying that men may lose their jobs, women stare sleepless into the abstract dark, and children suffer.

But despite the accumulation by slow accretion of greater and more complex problems at home, the prospect for the nineteen-forties is that they will find isolationist America feverishly preoccupied by events abroad. The strange transmutation of geography by which the oceans were made to separate us from rather than join us to the world, fades in the light of reality; the one-way seas, for all that we have denied it, run two ways. In the West we watch the slow progress of the war with the greatest anxiety as the nations burn up the reserves of wealth remaining from the World War; as inflation caused by putting ever greater percentages of labor and materials into instruments of death instead of instruments of life, stalks the world; as the neutrals suffer only slightly less than the belligerents, and war or conquest closes one trade area after the other, while the whole international structure of commerce and politics sways in the gusts of chance.

Possessing the greatest supply of gold ever accumulated by any country, with the prospect that we may soon own all the mined gold on earth, we are disturbed by the Midas-fear that it may prove to be useless. After the World War it was said that we joined the battle in order to protect our loans to the Allies. But now we lend no more. We demand (and get) gold for our goods, and are racked with fear that in an unpredictable post-war world where gold may have no value save in the arts, it will turn out that we have exchanged seventeen billion dollars of real wealth—automobiles, airplanes, hams, wheat, and so on—for a mountain of mere tooth-filling metal. Is it possible that the time may come when it will appear the lesser of two evils to enter this war in order to assure the future of gold as a standard of value, rather than face the risk that the nations may discard it and bring economic-social collapse to the United States? Is it that we may be driven to enter a war in order not to protect wealth which we lent abroad, but "wealth" which we have garnered precisely because we would not lend? Can it be that the isolationism which was to save us may prove to be the instrument by which we may be destroyed?

In the face of this war we have abandoned—for the moment at least—our oldest and perhaps most characteristically American heritage: evangelism. We go forth no more to the crusades with a song or a hymn upon our lips and a light in our eyes; and whether this is wise or foolish, the fact is that something heart-warming has gone out of our national life. What definition shall encompass Americanism which takes no account of evangelism—the will to do good even if it must be crammed down the other fellow's throat, the wholehearted indignation at injustices perpetrated by strong nations upon little nations or minorities, the passion to reform, the desire to remake the world in our own image? Is it that as Europe draws farther away from America, America will draw nearer to Europe

(*Continued on page* 16)

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Out of His Own Mouth

THE VOICE OF DESTRUCTION. (Hitler Speaks). By Hermann Rauschning. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 295 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by TONI STOLPER

WHEN and where before this have the innermost thoughts and plans of the absolute ruler of a great nation been revealed to the public at large within his lifetime and at such a crucial point of his own and of world history? Several unusual features had to concur to make it possible. First, the ruler had to be a passionate and spasmodic talker like Hitler whose very thinking is done in the act of expressing himself torrentially among the few trusted victims of this compulsion. Second, among these few had to be one of those invaluable predestined witnesses who are in the habit of writing down every conversation of importance while it is fresh in their memory. Third, this witness had to form such a deep disgust for the man and crowd of his choice and confidence as to sacrifice home and country and every previous allegiance to rid himself of the intolerable strain on his notions of decency.

Now at last this witness speaks, deciding to keep faith to his country not by hushing up, but by laying bare, for everyone to see, its deep humiliation. But unfortunately his decision to do so has taken too many valuable years. Is it overrating the effects of a mere book to ponder how many political disasters of these crucial years it could have helped to avert had it come in time? In a foreword, Rauschning tries to excuse himself for having waited till 1940 to reveal these conversations of the Fuehrer and his confidants in the years 1932 to 1934.

> To have published these conversations only six months ago would have earned me at that time an accusation of malicious invention and defamation.

What of it? Rauschning has much to atone for, having been one of those whose misplaced faith helped to raise to the seat of supreme power this man he now denounces. He saw through Hitler, and through the whole consummated as well as threatening disaster, in 1935 when he cut off the connection for himself personally. Why did he not then do everything in his power to undeceive the world which he so clearly saw deceived? It hardly matters who would or would not have believed him then. Even today, after so many of the dark designs formed in Hitler's rambling and ranting monologues among his friends have become world history, there really is nothing to prove to Rauschning's readers his absolute truthfulness in every detail, but the sense of intrinsic decency he may succeed in conveying. He will still have to stand up to many doubters.

Rauschning continues in this book what he haltingly began in the last part of his first one. "The Revolution of Nihilism," originally written for German readers, was very hard to fathom for a public little initiated into the huge confusion of German political thought. This present book was written for the English-reading public of the world, and its reading is not only smooth, it has a dramatic tension that may win it many readers even outside the circle of the politically minded. This is not a day-by-day diary or a genuine transcription of the author's authentic notes. It is thus not the deposition of a witness to be sworn to in court, nor the source material for a detached historian. But neither is it a reporter's scoop of bigger and better "human interest" stories. It is again the passionate account of a man closely involved in the tragedy of a nation, a man who has much to tell and knows how to tell it.

From left: District Leader Forster of Danzig, Hitler, Rauschning, and a young S. A. leader, photographed at Berchtesgaden in 1932.

This book should render great service in extricating the truth from under a blackout of subtly woven and cemented lies. After having read, one should find a better orientation among one's ideas of Hitlerism, half surmised, half believed or doubted; and, best of all, there should be a good riddance to so many insidious popular fallacies that have led even many of the shrewdest politicians into the wilderness of misconceived action.

Could we only at last dismiss once and for all the fond belief that Hitler's Germany has on his behest taken up arms to "right the injustices of Versailles"!

> "The struggle against Versailles is the means, but not the end, of my policy. I am not in the least interested in the former frontiers of the Reich."

This was said in 1932 before the accession to power. Versailles, however, had a very definite place in the Nazi creed, if one totally strange to the beliefs of the "appeasers."

> "It is our task to carry to a victorious conclusion the war that was interrupted in 1918. . . . What lay behind us was a truce; before us lies the victory we threw away in 1918."

What a shame that the world could listen in only to the carefully prepared Versailles talk of the propagandists, and not to this and more of the "ipse dixit" of the one who *mattered!*

And what a shame that Lord Runciman could not hear Hitler say in 1932:

> "The Bohemian-Moravian basin and the eastern districts bordering on Germany will be colonized with German peasants. . . . The Czechs must get out of Central Europe."

Would not that have made his memorandum look somewhat different?

And what about the story of world-wide appeal that Hitler had come to set an East Wall against Bolshevism?

> "Danger of Bolshevisation in Germany? There is no such danger and there never has been. . . . It is not Germany that will turn Bolshevist, but Bolshevism that will become a sort of National Socialism. Besides, there is more that binds us to Bolshevism than separates us from it. . . . But for the time being we may retain the doctrine that Bolshevism is our deadly enemy."

There are eye-opening words from Hitler about his pretended championship of Nationalism ("The conception of the nation has become meaningless"); there are revolting pages on the revered Fuehrer's deliberate incitements of his accomplices to corruption and sadistic terrorism as the most efficient props to his regime; there are revelations of his determination to "tear up Christianity root and branch and annihilating it in Germany," and many more basically programmatic utterances. But quotations should not be piled in a short review. The reader must not expect only accurately and terrifically prophetic words. He may be relieved to find Rauschning also reporting utterly misplaced prophecies. Queerly enough, but very significantly, Hitler seems to become merely a blundering fool as soon as his talk strays from Germany, which he knows to perfection, and the East, for which he has an uncanny instinct

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derived probably from his Viennese and Munich encounters, to the West of which he has not the faintest idea —being a typical German low-class mind in this as in so many other characteristics.

> "Britain and France will never again make common cause against Germany. . . . We don't for a moment believe that this degenerate Jewish democracy [Great Britain] has any more vitality than France or the United States. . . .
>
> "Since the Civil War, in which the Southern States were conquered against all historical logic and sound sense, the Americans have been in a condition of political and popular decay. . . .The beginnings of a great new social order based on the principle of slavery and inequality were destroyed by that war. . . . National Socialism alone is destined to liberate the American people."

Such and many more astounding enunciations are already today ridiculously out-moded as far the West goes. But still this present war, in which, as Hitler sees it, "there will be no such thing as neutrality," has to be fought to make Hitler's catalogue of conquered states stop before France, Great Britain, and the United States.

I believe it important to know all these formulated political utterances, even though, as Rauschning clearly points out, they so often contradict each other. But at least as important seems to me the total view of Hitler's freakish personality which an imaginative reader gathers from this book. Mr. Chamberlain would not have needed to go to Berchtesgaden in September, 1938 to learn whom he was dealing with. You know after this Hitler's amazing strength, which puts him and his concepts head and shoulders above all these other introvert cranks whom he gathers around himself, and you know his appalling weaknesses, you know his greed for adulation and for sweet cake and whipped cream, his exultations and his depressions, his terror and his love of terror, his cruelty and obscenity, "the common united with the uncommon." If it is too late for this book to prevent anything from happening, it may be timely enough to let the world size up this kidnapper of Germany and intending kidnapper of the world. By instinct he has always known how to play on the weakest and meanest elements in his own and other nations, on the lunatic fringe and the know-nothings. The world will be saved from his all-embracing greed by just the things he does not know how to deal with, the things he does not even know how to recognize when he sees them: balanced judgment, harmonious personalities, simple love of truth and fairness, all mature attitudes of life. Rauschning's book helps to confront these opposite types of modern man.

Patrick Welch

Aristocratic Rebels

FINAL HOSTING. By Patrick Welch. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1940. 400 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN SCOTT MABON

IT was not often during the Irish Rebellion that the aristocracy took its stand with the Sinn Feiners. The division, as we know, generally followed class lines. But young Dennis Fitzhugh O'Shea, Baron Dunfogar, was an exception to that rule whom only the most churlish would deny themselves the pleasure of crediting. So, too, was his scholarly uncle Sir Fulke O'Shea of Trinity College, for who among that great gentleman's Unionist friends would have suspected him of helping to turn Castle Dunfogar into a depot for arms?

For Dennis, fresh from the Versailles Conference, with a Major's commission in the British Army, the choice of loyalties was not easy. Neither devotion to Sir Fulke nor the great love he bore for Brigid (who so speedily became his lady) could sway him. But the murder of his peasant friend Tagh Mor Conaghy, living embodiment of the race-proud, poetic spirit of the Gaels, showed him the way.

Out of the consequences of this choice, Patrick Welch has woven a fine tale of modern Ireland in the last days of the seven-hundred-year struggle against the British Crown. Written in a lilting, eloquent Irish idiom, sparkling with a joyous Irish humor, it is in one sense frankly a story of high romance and exciting adventure. Yet there is no fudging of basic issues. Through and around all the brilliant derring-do of raid and ambush runs a hard vein of reality that illumines the bitter differences between ruler and ruler underlying the rebellion. One may read this warm and stirring romance for the events it relates, but one closes it with a deepened understanding of the high-hearted people whose spirit it breathes.

Main Street Macadamized

THE UNWILLING JOURNEY. By C. P. Lee. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 303 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK DANIEL

MODERN man becomes a wanderer when his job is done. The ex-king roves the foreign capitals; poverty's extremes banish the Joad family to life-long search for a resting-place. But the ordinary man is denied either the drama of deposition or the drama of desperation. Mr. Lee's Dick and Janie Hanna, with their son Richard, cross no boundaries when they move from a rural Arkansas community to Pine Bluff, "the largest town on the Cotton Belt between Memphis and Texarkana." Aspiration and not necessity motivated the Hannas' trip, and circumstance favored it.

Initiative and a certain freedom allowed the Hannas to quit their drab existence. Dick Hanna's vague Southern heritage of a better way of living, and Janie's memories of better times during an Indiana girlhood, impelled them to test Pine Bluff's advantages. For their son the journey, by train, was a splendid one. It signalized his transition from childhood to adolescence. In 1927 he could not anticipate the Depression, which was to intensify the Hannas' disillusion in seeking comfort among the conveniences Pine Bluff affords its inhabitants.

Mr. Lee's presentation of the Hannas' years in the village of Matthews, Ark., is lit and enlivened by some shrewdly discerned characters. Here the people still preserve the customs of the agricultural South. Here we see conspicuously the women who are the daughters of pioneers, who have grown up and matured enjoying the benefits their parents were able to provide, but who have suffered a spiritual starvation none the less, even before their economic security was endangered. They are intensely individualistic, demanding respect for their most absurd peculiarities.

Compared with the first part of "The Unwilling Journey," Mr. Lee's picture of Pine Bluff is more of a candid-camera shot than a portrait, more of a map than a rendering which takes into account the past and the traditions which its settlers brought from the eastern part of the country. But this section of the novel is a skillful extension of "Main Street," macadamized during the years of Coolidge prosperity. And all of "The Unwilling Journey" is warm with feeling for wanderers in a land without landmarks and without guideposts.

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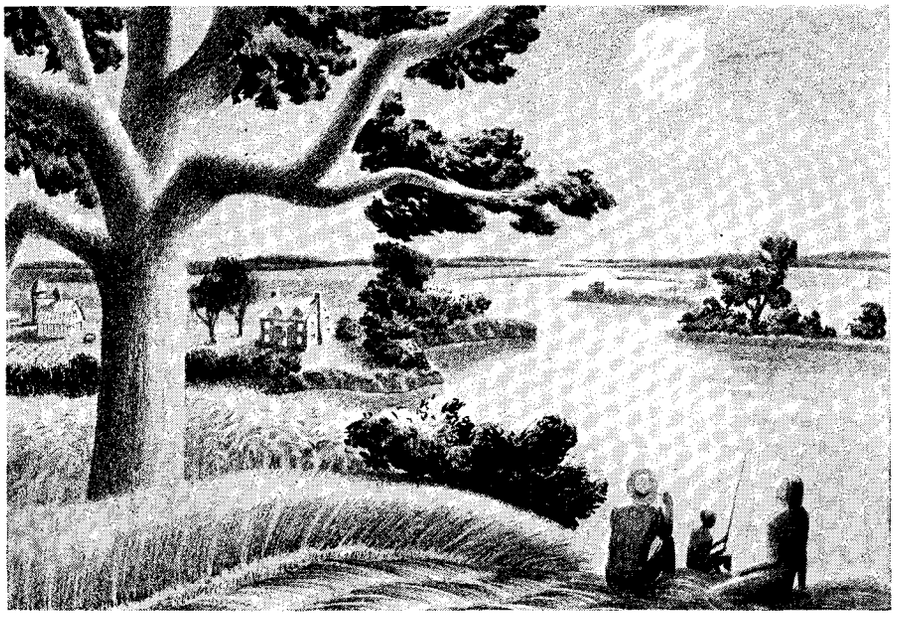

Illustration from the "The Wabash," by John de Martelly.

Hoosier River

THE WABASH. By William E. Wilson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 339 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS volume, which is the eighth of the Rivers of America Series, provides its author (in exile in Rhode Island) an opportunity to compose a lyrical, encomiastic history of his native state. For "The Wabash" is a book about Indiana—its history, its folklore, its people, its products. It does not confine itself to the Wabash Valley proper (almost one-sixth of the book, for example, is devoted to Abraham Lincoln and the Lincoln farm in Spencer County, whose Little Pigeon Creek and Anderson River empty into the Ohio) and almost ignores the fact that Illinois shares the Wabash with Indiana for nearly one hundred miles. Unlike Emil Ludwig's "Nile" and Lengyel's "Danube," which are largely concerned with the streams themselves, "The Wabash" tells of the people of the basin—or of Indiana—and their history.

The relationship of the river to such indigenous products as torrid political enthusiasms, limestone (of oceanic rather than fluvial origin), the Klan, best sellers, etc., is somewhat vague; but there is no denying the importance of the Wabash River and Valley in the Indian and Revolutionary wars, the New Harmony settlement, early transportation, and the type of settler a rich corn and hog country would attract. The author so skillfully confuses *Wabash* and *Indiana* that we read into the book a unity it does not actually possess.

The jaunty vernacular style and humor of the descriptions and anecdotes, and the breezy directness of the historical narrative (in the manner of W. E. Woodward) are proper to the tempo and flavor of this cheerful book. If there are too many superlatives and exclamation marks, there is no pompousness, no stuffiness. The de Bergerac exploits of George Rogers Clark, the role of Vincennes in the history of the Northwest Territory, the Rappites and Owenites at New Harmony, the struggle between Tecumseh and Harrison, Morgan's raid, the shameful interlude of the Ku Klux Klan, the rise of Beveridge and Debs—the author takes advantage of these colorful incidents and people.

"The Wabash" has two indisputable values. It has considerable historical and sociological value, for already the book is a period piece. The river is no longer navigable; even most of the small pleasure boats of a generation ago disappeared with the mandolin and the phaeton. The Indian and the Klan have departed. The *Ersatz* of the chemical engineer plus high freight rates have all but killed the limestone industry. In an age of standardization only local patriotism could bring forth the assertion that Indiana now towers above neighboring states in her passion for good food, homespun humor, politics, and literature. Moreover, in "The Wabash," one objective set down by Constance Lindsay Skinner in the original prospectus for the Rivers of America Series is realized: it achieves its moralistic goal of stirring our patriotic affection for our own country. Its reader will be somewhat less abject and awed if or when he finds himself on the banks of the Rhine, the Danube, or the Nile.

Dr. Cushing's Papers

THE MEDICAL CAREER. By Harvey Cushing. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1940. 302 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by Mabel S. ULRICH

DR. HARVEY CUSHING, perhaps the greatest brain surgeon the world has yet produced, belongs to that god-elected family of scientists in whom scientific genius has been beautifully blended with the artist's gift of expression. Its members in the healing profession are medicine's true aristocrats.

With his "Life of Sir William Osler" and his "From a Surgeon's Journal" Dr. Cushing established his literary status. Before his death last fall he selected and edited these addresses and papers which his executor Dr. J. F. Fulton has now issued as a companion volume to "Consecratio Medici," published first about ten years ago. The present book is divided into two parts; the first seven chapters are addresses delivered at colleges and scientific societies and are concerned with subjects more or less closely related to the medical profession, although in no sense technical. The first of these gives the volume its name and is a review of the perquisites and satisfactions of the medical career for the benefit of Dartmouth students. Dr. Cushing looked askance at socialized medicine, and he tells us why in "Medicine at the Crossroads." The other five are chiefly concerned with phases of medical history; early medical schools, Massachusetts's medical society in the eighteenth century, and so on. Nine brief biographies make up the book's second half. These are attractive sketches of distinguished associates of the author's, of Welch, Halsted, and Councilman of Johns Hopkins, and of other civic-minded gentlemen who have devoted time and money to the culture and advancement of their communities, James Ford Rhodes, Perry Williams Harvey, George Strong Derby.

All in all this is not a very "important" book, but it is a very nice one—the work of a scholar and a gentleman who viewed life with civilized detachment but with the greatest friendliness. Its subject-matter will necessarily limit its appeal to persons specially interested in medical topics and to those who share the author's enthusiasm for the fascinating history of his profession. Together with the simultaneously issued new edition of "Consecratio Medici" it will add distinction to the library of the medical student. It might even help him to realize that the wider his knowledge of the arts, the better his chances for becoming a good and a happy doctor.

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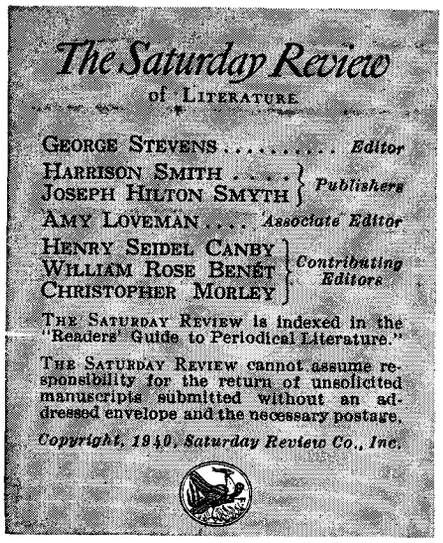
The Saturday Review
of Literature

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John Buchan

LORD TWEEDSMUIR, known to the literary world as John Buchan, was a phenomenon more Scotch than English, and, one might say, as American as Scotch. A spare figure, a kindly face, a gentle voice, and a warm nature, were inspired by a driving, restless energy, and the kind of ambition that is self-regarding only in an inner necessity for getting things done. Beginning humbly, he gathered laurels as he went, but whether he rejoiced most in his reputation as a historian and writer of fiction, or in his final viceroyalty, or in his consummate skill as a trout fisherman, it would be hard to say. Certainly his biographies of Montrose and of Cromwell will endure as long as his tactful and appreciated services in Canada; and if his lighter mystery fiction is not likely to take a place in belles-lettres, nevertheless it has pleased hundreds of thousands. It is rumored that his mystery stories were all written when convalescing from grippe. For only then was his nervous energy geared down to lesser achievements.

My own association with him dates from 1918 when, under the sponsorship of ex-President Taft, I was sent to England with other professors to help as far as possible to promote understanding between the two countries, then in the most disastrous stages of the war. It was a vague commission, whose only definite part was an engagement to send back correspondence to various magazines on conditions in Great Britain and Ireland, and behind the front. Colonel Buchan, in charge of the Ministry of Information, was my reporting officer. He could open the gates of prison camps and training areas, permit me to go to the front, send me to naval bases, allow or forbid me to go to Ireland, then stirring with discontent and of vital interest to Americans. Most important, he could forbid or permit what I wanted to say for American readers.

In the eight months I worked under his cognizance, I was never once restricted, always helped. I went to stop-the-war meetings in hidden halls, I met Irish rebels in obscure inns, I wrote freely and critically (too critically, my American editors thought) of what I felt and saw. But John Buchan's attitude was always positive, not negative. He assumed that I, as a liberal American, wanted the same kind of world as did he, a liberal Britisher, and that the way to handle me was to let me form my own conclusions. When I asked to go to Southern Ireland, he gave immediate consent, provided that I would agree to see Ulster also. The report which I afterward published drew attacks and praise from both North and South, which would seem to indicate that he was right.

I repeat all this unimportant history because it was a measure of the man, and perhaps an indication of a way, and a right way, to conduct a propaganda office, which, of course, was precisely what his Ministry of Information was.

His death at this moment is, I believe, a great loss to English letters. Politically he had reached his top. His frail health would never have permitted him to take the kind of a part in rough-and-tumble politics which, congenitally, he would have had to take if he had gone into a cabinet. But he had, I am sure, his best biographical and historical works ahead of him, that would have been his next assignment.

H. S. C.

Apocrypha

(*To all Negro poets now alive*)

BY EVELYN SCOTT

SOMETIMES I feel like a motherless child,
Where rue grows fast and hemlock wild
As brambles in a ditch;
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Let me be carried by your song
A long way from home.
Rush on, great wings,
While black and white dance, golden-shod.
About your flight;
Lead, Moses, tell all peoples: *Go!*
On love upborne as Jesus' grace
Flings rainbows over barren space!
Down here is only a dark river murmuring.

Deep river, crossed upon a sigh,
Our tear-drowned eyes still search for sky;
O sister, do not mourn
To find our dank hair floating by;
O brother, of such nothingness we are
As is the moonlight and the star;
Roll Jordan: we are as the sand
That silts to make a foreign land:
We are resigned.

Races no longer undefiled
Will never waken to the piercing, mild
Encouragement of Gabriel's horn;
Nor see old Jordan rift lethargic mud
And pour in morning-riven flood
Toward tides eternities becalm.

We weep: he never said a mumblin' word,
And yet his silence can be heard:
O let us steal away . . .

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Letters to the Editor: *Celebrity Chasers; Appreciation of Trollope*

Authors and their Public

SIR:—I am fully in sympathy with the author of "Open Letter to the Reading Public" that celebrity chasers are a nuisance and that those of us who have no better sense than to intrude upon the privacy of any human being, author or otherwise, should be properly chastised. Still, there is perhaps another side to the picture. The side that has to do with a more democratic way of life. Had the author gone on to say that from now on she will be available to her public, let us say once a month on certain Friday afternoons, her strong and convincing criticism might carry more weight. For I firmly believe that there is something to be gained on both sides. A writer can, if she wants to, be also part of the public and as such exchange ideas on common ground—particularly in these days of trying to establish democratic attitudes, we the people should occasionally be granted the opportunity of sitting together in discussion with one who can perhaps point up a fruitful conversation: and perhaps, who knows, the author might, on such occasions, gather enough material for twice three thousand words, to make a good short story!

ROSETTE S. LOWENSTEIN.
Chicago, Ill.

"He Knew He Was Right"

SIR:—It was a pleasure to read in your esteemed *Review* the delightful article of Mr. Christopher LaFarge on that great writer, Anthony Trollope.

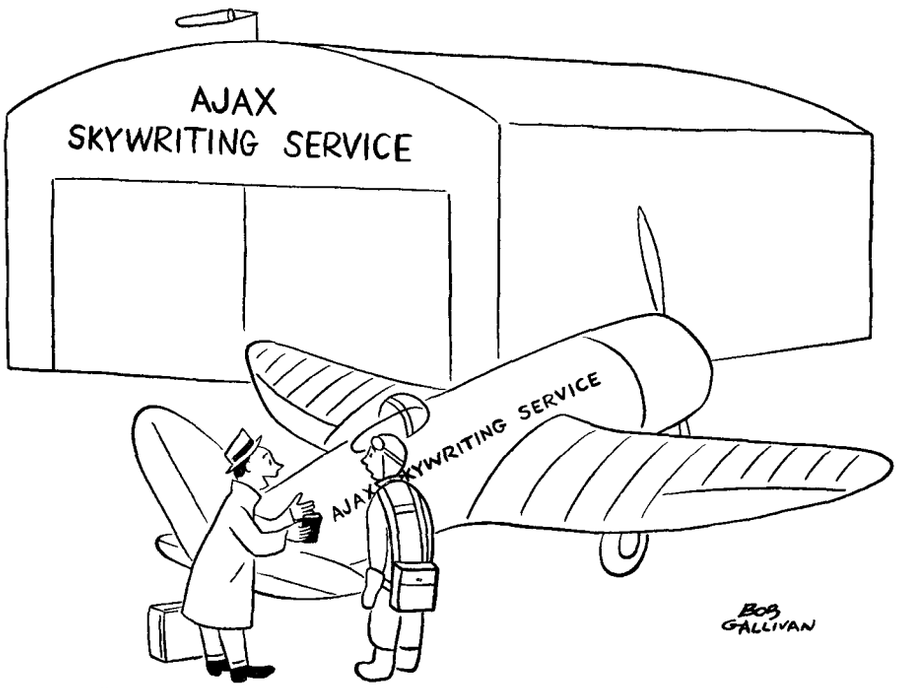
I have been a Trollope "fan" for a number of years; to me his characters are so real that they are almost like old friends.

I should be glad to learn where a copy of "He Knew He Was Right" may be obtained. I was told that this wonderful study of the psychology of jealousy was out of print and had become a collector's item. It was only through the kindness of one of the librarian's of our Public Library here—she found the book, its pages crumbling with age, on a dim and rarely visited shelf—that I was able to read this novel, as fateful as a Greek tragedy.

Some years ago, a friend of my father's told me that one of his greatest pleasures was reading the Parliamentary novels, and quite recently, one of my young friends, just out of college, picked up by chance a copy of "The Small House at Allington" and became so interested that he read the whole series of the Chronicles of Barset.

Those who ride horseback should read Trollope's Autobiography, on account of his wonderful descriptions of following the hounds. Trollope, a fine horseman, enjoyed nothing better than a cross-country run, with plenty of walls and ditches on the way. I shall always remember how Phineas Finn came a cropper while trying to put "Dandolo" over a difficult jump at Broughton Spinnies.

MARY GRAY.
Hartford, Conn.



"Would you be interested in a handy pocket-size dictionary?"

D. C.'s without Reference Books

SIR:—When I do Double-Crostics at home, my technique is to do as much as possible without reaching for the Bible or the dictionary, but when I do resort to them I have no sense of guilt or dishonesty.

However, I have during this year spent ten weeks in the Maine woods, and five weeks in the hospital, where I did Double-Crostics necessarily without benefit of reference. Solving them gave me infinitely greater satisfaction than I had found in the two-hundred-odd puzzles I had solved before. I finished every one, too, though some took over a week of intermittent pondering. Now that I am home, I reach for the Bible and dictionary again, but some of the savor has gone out of the game.

MARIAN SCHULTZ.
Montclair, N. J.

Ethics and Crutches

SIR:—This discussion as to Double-Crostic ethics and crutches and all that seems beside the mark. What on earth do these devoted followers of Mrs. Kingsley—may their tribe increase in any fashion—*get* out of the puzzles when they have laboriously looked up unknown words, in their histories and encyclopedias? A virtuous feeling of having done their lessons well for Monday morning?

This is a game. It's much more sport to snatch that straying word as it slips through your mind, or as some ancient, sub-conscious connection strikes a spark. One puzzle may be made to last with care a long time,—why keep a solemn record of "reading time"? Don't they know what fun is—if that wily trout eludes their first cast, do they buy one from the next fish stand? If their fox goes to earth, do they go to the zoo and shoot one?

M. E. CROCKER.
Lock Haven, Pa.

"Brotherhood"

SIR:—You will undoubtedly have scores of letters advising you of the source of the quotation referred to by Emily Howe Fisk of Joliet, Ill., but I add my letter to the rest, and quote the entire poem below:

BROTHERHOOD
By EDWIN MARKHAM

Of all things beautiful and good,
The kingliest is brotherhood;
For it will bring again to earth
Her long-lost poesy and mirth;
And till it comes these men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for brotherhood—make way for man.

MRS. HENRY D. HOLMES.
Montpelier, Vt.

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The Undying Detective*

BY

R. ELLIS ROBERTS

Sherlock Holmes, by Frederick Dorr Steele.

DR. WATSON, to whom we owe the record of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes, was a man of no little vanity; and he must be pleased at the attention paid by scholars to his friend and to himself. Unfortunately the good doctor suffered from a very infectious disease —inaccuracy; and he contrives still, from whatever limbo he limps in, to inoculate even some of the contributors to "221B" with the virus of his disease. I have no doubt that I myself, in writing of the book, will perpetrate some frightful chronological or historical howler. There are not many mistakes in these studies which Vincent Starrett has collected; and I will hasten to get them out of the way first, before considering the major problems discussed in the volume.

Mr. Christopher Morley argues that Sherlock Holmes was a Cambridge man, and puts in as evidence an illustration of Sidney Paget's showing Holmes "wearing a straw hat with a light blue ribbon. (He was of course a boxing blue.)" But in the seventies there was no Blue for boxing. If Holmes was at either of the major Universities—I believe myself he was a Durham man—he was probably, as were Calverley and Flecker, at both: what other explanation can there be for his never saying outright "when I was at Oxford," instead of using the vulgarism "I was at college"? In the essay on Sherlock Holmes's fees Mr. R. K. Leavitt gives us the bill presented by the detective to Miss Mary Morstan for his work in "The Sign of Four." Mr. Leavitt accepts Bell's date for this episode; and the bill is dated October 1, 1887. It includes "Advertisement, 74 words, in agony columns of *Globe, St. James's, Westminster Gazette, Pall Mall Gazette, Standard News, Star.*" This is impossible: the *Star* was founded in 1888, and the *Westminster Gazette* in 1893. Mr. Altick in his very suggestive parallel of Sherlock Holmes and Samuel Johnson writes of "the Criterion Bar in London" as the site of "the first meeting of Holmes and Watson." It was not, however, Sherlock Holmes whom Watson met in that famous resort, situated in what he so bitterly calls "the great cesspool into which all the loungers and idlers of the Empire are irresistibly drained": here Watson met "young Stamford, who had been a dresser under me at Barts." (Was it snobbery towards a junior which made Watson take Stamford to the Holborn to luncheon "in a hansom"? The Café Royal, Gatti's, or Verrey's were all nearer and better.) Watson met Holmes in the laboratory at Barts— "'Dr. Watson, Mr. Sherlock Holmes,' said Stamford, introducing us." Holmes's character was already so formidable that Stamford presents the older man to the younger. Some day I think there should be an investigation into "young Stamford's" subsequent career; for his introduction has been responsible for a very large movement in the annals of literature, as Watson has gravely noted in his unpublished monograph "The New Doyle: a federated inquiry into the realities of the Holmes reserve."

"221B"—need I remind any reader that this mystic figure was the number of that house in Baker Street where Watson and Holmes lived together?—is a worthy successor to "Baker Street Studies," and will be welcomed as eagerly by all students of Sherlockiana, by all who have delighted in S. C. Roberts's essay on Dr. Watson. The contributors would be the last to declare that they have solved all the problems they raise: I believe, as I hope to show presently, that Mr. Christopher Morley, who provides the most exciting essay, is wrong in his contention that Holmes may have been an American. There are papers by R. K. Leavitt, Elmer Davis, Jane Nightwork, Earle F. Walbridge, H. W. Bell, James Keddie, F. D. Steele (on Holmes's illustrators and on William Gillette); some admirable *pastiche* by Vincent Starrett and P. M. Stone; and a list of characters in the canon by Edgar W. Smith, from which I miss only Sarasate. Some of these contributors are new to me; but as I read Leavitt's "The Fiscal Holmes" and Jane Nightwork's "Dr. Watson's Secret," I seemed to hear Holmes chuckle—he chuckles over his bees in Sussex—"Don't bother about that problem now, Watson, you can leave it to nightwork."

Christopher Morley is so modest in his contention that Sherlock Holmes had an American father or mother that I regret being forced to dispute his hypothesis. Some of his arguments are light enough—that Holmes, for instance, acquired his taste for oysters in Baltimore. An American usually has to go into training before he can see, let alone enjoy, the "natives" which Holmes devoured. Still his essay is plausible, if certain glaring facts are overlooked. The main one also, to my sorrow, proves that in his youth Sherlock Holmes could blunder very badly; but the truth must be told. The first corpse on which Watson and Holmes gazed together was that of an American, Enoch J. Drebber. Before they saw that uncomfortable sight, Holmes had received a letter from Gregson to say that at 3 Lauriston Gardens, off the Brixton Road, had been found the "body of

*221B: STUDIES IN SHERLOCK HOLMES. Edited by Vincent Starrett. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 247 pp. $2.50.

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a gentleman, well-dressed, and having cards in his pocket-book bearing the name of 'Enoch J. Drebber, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.'" If Sherlock Holmes, in that year 1881, had been the great detective he afterwards became, it would have seemed almost a certainty to him that there was something phoney about that card. What man ever had the name of his country engraved on his visiting-card? And if Holmes had been an American, he would certainly have argued (a) this man is not a gentleman; (b) he is not an American but an ignorant foreigner; (c) he is probably an international crook. It is possible—I have never seen the visiting cards of Herr von Ribbentrop—that international "drummers" have their country engraved on their cards; that a Frenchman selling champagne here has France after the great name Rheims. If that is so—as surely Holmes would have known—he would have assumed that the iniquitous Drebber was that most beneficent of salesmen, a publisher's agent, who had gone to England with advance copies, or prospectuses, of that American classic, "From Log-Cabin to White House," the story of President Garfield who, as Mr. Morley reminds us, was inaugurated in March, 1881.

There is, however, further decisive testimony against Holmes's American origin; that is, unless we stoop to the disgusting alternative that the great man lied. In "The Resident Patient," where Holmes gives his exhibition of reading Watson's thoughts, he refers to the way in which Beecher, when touring England during the Civil War, "was received by the more turbulent of our people." "Our people"—so Sherlock Holmes refers to the English. And I take that phrase as conclusive. Yet I believe Christopher Morley is quite right in suspecting Americanism in the Sherlock Holmes canon. It seems to me evident in the narrative style—though this is partly due, no doubt, to Watson's contemporary Dr. A. C. Doyle—and in certain locutions both of Holmes and Watson. And I have my own explanation. Dr. John H. Watson was an American.

As I look through the stories, it is amazing to me that the fact has never been noticed earlier. When, and in what circumstances, he was expatriated is uncertain; probably after the death or disgrace of his parents (the alcoholism which Holmes found traced in the family watch may have been a disease of Watson père as well as Watson frère), he was sent over to Edinburgh by a maternal uncle or cousin who came from the Pennsylvania Scotch stock. I contend that he betrays his non-British origin in the very opening pages of "A Study in Scarlet." It is partly a question of words:

> Murray, my orderly, who threw me across a pack-horse, and succeeded in bringing me safely to the *British* lines. . . . A medical board determined that not a day should be lost in sending me back to *England*.

Is not that use of "British" unnatural? Why did not Watson write "our" lines? Because he was an American, and probably suspicious of British rule in India. "Back to England." Why not "home"? Because Watson was an American and he did not yet think of England as "home." Then the third paragraph begins, "I

Vincent Starrett

had neither kith nor kin in England"—why not? Why this most unusual lack, in the prolific Victorian days, of any relatives in his own country? Simply because his native country was not England but America. Then there is another very curious circumstance on which few scholars have commented—that is the possession by Watson of a portrait of Henry Ward Beecher. It is true that some American scholiasts—Mr. Morley himself is not free from this—have insinuated that some Watson anti-American bias can be deduced from the fact that Beecher's portrait is unframed. This will not do. Its unframed condition is due to Watson's anxiety to get a worthy setting for the trans-Atlantic preacher at whose feet he may have sat as a child. I should think that this portrait of Beecher was probably unique in England except in clerical households. An Englishman might have had Mrs. Beecher Stowe's but not Henry Ward B.'s Mr. Morley's argument that "not less than fifteen of the published cases (including three of the four chosen for full-length treatment) involve American characters or scenes" is surely an argument for *my* contention, as it was Watson and not Holmes who chose and wrote about the cases.

I think too—though I would not press the point too hard—that Watson's extreme horror at his new friend's determination to ignore "the Copernican theory and the composition of the Solar System" would be unlikely in an Englishman of the period. Americans have always been known in England—rightly or wrongly—to have a very great respect for the Universe; Margaret Fuller, it will be remembered, went so far as to accept it. Holmes's refusal even to recognize it, when he was presented to it, must have wounded profoundly the more reverent temperament of his worshipper.

Christopher Morley, rather boldly, suggests that, if Sherlock Holmes has American forebears, he was probably related to the distinguished family of which Oliver Wendell Holmes and Chief Justice Holmes are the best-known. If any similar affiliation is sought for John H. Watson, I would venture to suggest that inquiry would be more fruitful if its student investigated the records of American psychology. (There is, by the way, a pleasant little problem at present, as far as I know, untouched—had Dr. Watson any children?)

Not a few of the contributors notice—what has been too often neglected—Sherlock Holmes's playful humor. He laughed, we know, but seldom. "I have not heard him laugh often, and it has always boded ill to somebody," wrote Watson; but he could smile, he could be sardonic, and he could chuckle. He must often have chuckled over the harmless deceptions he practised on Dr. Watson. The most famous, I suppose, is his pretence to almost complete ignorance and indifference to all culture, except the art of music. Yet he quotes Goethe, Flaubert (in his letters), Hafiz, Horace, Thoreau; and recommends Watson to read Winwood Reade's "The Martyrdom of Man." Living as constantly as he did in a world of deception, occasionally no doubt slightly affected by his drugs, he must, I think, have sometimes, when cases were few or dull, have invented thrilling episode for his own sake and Watson's. I have always believed that boredom made him invent Professor Moriarty—for in "The Last Adventure" we have no record of that master-criminal's existence except Holmes's word; the tall man "pushing his way furiously through the crowd" at Victoria Station, and trying to stop the Continental Express, may have been only a belated passenger. These, however, are deep waters. I had better stop such speculation, or else I may tempt Sherlock out of that bee-loud garden in Sussex, and his chuckle might pass into that rare laughter "which has always boded ill to somebody."

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Southeast Passage

INDIA INK. By Philip Steegman. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1940. 246 *pp.* $3.

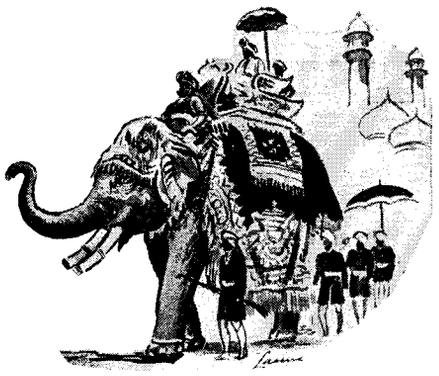
SANDA MALA. By Maurice Collis. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1940. 328 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by I. A. R. WYLIE

THESE two books, very different in style and form, have two factors in common; they concern India and are written by Englishmen. "India Ink" is directly autobiographical, in the Peter Fleming manner, and like all such travel books runs the risk of making the reader thankful he was not a fellow-traveler. But after wandering with Philip Steegman, who is primarily a portrait painter, through the length and breadth of India in search of princely "sitters," one decides, with an amused twinkle, that he is a likable young man, spirited, at times painstakingly cynical and often honestly emotional, reckless of convention but able to admire convention, when it falls, as it so often does in official India, into a noble pattern. Occasionally he is outrageous, *pour épater les bourgeois,* but it is rather a self-conscious effort and doesn't quite come off. When he is writing spontaneously he is charming, sympathetic, and amusing as his numerous and very various hosts seem to have found him. At least he was accepted freely in places closed to the average European and his two months within the sacred and closely guarded quarters of Nepal—from his account a sort of Paradise Regained—form the most vivid and valuable section of his book.

Mr. Steegman was obviously moved by India, not only by its native peoples but by their British administrators. He can scarify, but he can also admire and pity both. There is a sensitive and touching portrait of the Viceroy; "walking slowly with a slight stoop and a little wearily . . . casting

Drawings on this page from the jacket of "India Ink"



wan smiles at the crowd as he passed." And Mr. Steegman's mysterious and mystic relations with one of India's Holy Men, which he accepts but does not attempt to explain, illustrates the Englishman's unique capacity to identify himself with the people he governs. Lawrence of Arabia and Brian Haughton Hodgson, who single-handed won Nepal's allegiance to the British Empire so that in 1914-1918 its people fought freely in its defense, are perhaps the British Empire's most lucid explanation. Such men and their sensitivity and almost religious sense of duty which Philip Steegman recognized with respect, but no special wonder, have at least made it possible for a handful of his countrymen to maintain themselves with dignity and, considering the mountainous difficulties, amazing success among alien millions, and even on occasion and in spite of political hostility, win their uttermost devotion.

Mr. Collis was at one time one of India's administrators and, though he has written several books on the East, I should judge from internal evidence that "Sanda Mala" is a first novel. It has a certain stiffness of style like that of a good athlete taking up an unfamiliar form of sport, and once at least the writer falls prone over the novelist's booby-trap, the first person singular. The reader feels, too, the poet who lurks shamefacedly in the average English soul, struggling in the meshes of official red-tape. In his efforts to free himself and to express his love for a country he helped to govern, Mr. Collis has written, in fact, a rather awkward but charming grown-up fairy story with a princess and an almost but not quite defeated prince, and a fairy god-mother in the form of a remarkable Burmese mother-in-law, who waves a wand in the nick of time. But in spite of technical defects and its conventional pattern, the story has charm and distinction. When the administrator in the author has succumbed finally to the artist, we may look for more original stories, more freely told.

I. A. R. Wylie is the author of numerous novels, some of them with an East Indian background.

Three Sisters

THESE WERE THE BRONTËS. By Dorothy H. Cornish. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 491 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM C. DE VANE

DURING the last few years the story of the Brontë family has been used as material for many forms of literature, notably biography, fiction, and drama; and sometimes these forms have been mingled, rather to the detriment of the Brontës, the authors, and the products. It only remains now for a poet to apostrophize one of the sisters, naturally Emily, and to weave her high and passionate thoughts into modern verse. This production, I have no doubt, is even now preparing.

All this is ample evidence that the delight in the Brontës has grown beyond the cult, and has become a public possession. And more than this, it seems that the story of the Brontës is a tale of challenging possibilities, and offers scope for the imagination, for invention and speculation, for tragic, pathetic, and even comic incident, and for partiality and special pleading. Emily, most naturally, since by common consent she is given the greatest degree of genius and least is known about her, has generally been the central figure in these imaginative ventures; but sometimes Branwell has been given the position of honor, or has shared it with Emily. Eighty years ago the major role would have been given to Charlotte, as Mrs. Gaskell's biography testifies. Perhaps the biographer must make Charlotte his major figure because she was more of this world than the others, held the family to its course, and lived longest of the children. Miss Cornish in the present novel has chosen Charlotte as her central character, not because she does not believe in Emily's greater genius, but rather because Charlotte's life is fuller of actual experiences in the real world. It is true that Charlotte desired fame, if she were allowed to define its terms; but neither Emily nor Anne seemed to yearn for it. How the proud shy women would have disliked their present notoriety!

Occasionally, for the purpose of getting on in her narrative, Miss Cornish's novel utilizes pure biography. But Charlotte Brontë, more than most novelists of her order, drew upon reminiscence for the materials of her work, and we are not surprised that those who write about the Brontës are compelled to draw upon "Jane Eyre," "Villette," and "Shirley." Miss Cornish makes skillful use of these novels. For example, the heroine of "Jane Eyre" is, in the eyes of the world, a plain

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person; but in the eyes of a Rochester, and in her great moments, she becomes beautiful and possesses a power of rousing great passions in men. Of course, it was part of Charlotte Brontë's purpose to deepen the ordinary conception of physical beauty. In Miss Cornish's novel, she ascribes, and rightly, this kind of attractiveness to Charlotte herself. The climactic scene in this new novel is suggested by the scene in "Villette" where Lucy Snowe in her distress visits the confessional in Brussels. Here, Charlotte is drawing upon her own experience, as we know. Miss Cornish manages the whole affair between Charlotte and Monsieur Heger with considerable tact and success, and does not transgress the bounds of known fact. Charlotte's letters to Heger, the four which have been preserved, show the ardent devotion of the pupil for the master, and hardly justify the legend of Charlotte's passion for him. It takes delicacy and restraint to depict the relationship as it probably really was, suppressed, unspoken, transmuted into literature. Miss Cornish has done this admirably.

The result is a good, imaginative book upon the Brontës—not so good as a careful biography, and not so exciting as a novel might be that is not bound to the earth by facts. Here Emily is not the wild and wonderful creature she is often portrayed as being, but rather one who performed her household tasks with cheerful regularity. This is probably a truer picture of her than we usually get. And Branwell is allowed to die here with quietness and dignity, after he has told Emily what to do with the story of "Wuthering Heights." The imagination must be allowed some scope in a book that is called a novel; it must be restrained by probabilities, or at least by possibilities, when the subjects are historical characters. It is my impression that Miss Cornish has generally succeeded in her task of navigating these difficult straits.

Dorothy H. Cornish

A Teacher's Two Worlds

A TEACHER AND HIS TIMES. A Story of Two Worlds. By William Adams Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 390 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE rapidly increasing number of autobiographies is a sign of the times; is the long reign of the novel fading with other reigns? Two hundred years ago in England theological and religious poems were best sellers; but in the nineteenth century the novel dominated the field so thoroughly that various treatises on politics, economics, and religion were cast in the form of prose fiction. Many of those pseudo-novels were like the instance (*fact*) where in a church prayer-meeting the minister called on Mr. Brown, saying "Brother Brown, will you lead us in prayer?" to which Mr. Brown replied, "Well, I was about to make some remarks, but perhaps I can throw them into the form of a prayer."

Anyhow, here is another autobiography which resembles Mary Ellen Chase's "A Goodly Fellowship" in this respect. The latter writer was known chiefly as a novelist; but her chosen profession was teaching, and the published story of her life is confined to experience in the classroom; almost immediately it became a best seller. Now the Rev. Dr. William Adams Brown is a scholar in church history and theology, has written many learned and important books in those fields, was for years a member of the Yale Corporation, has done much work in many countries and in the World War, and yet he calls his book "A Teacher and His Times," emphasizing his life-work as a Professor in Union Theological Seminary. I repeat therefore what I said in this periodical of Miss Chase's book; of all occupations, teaching is the most exciting.

Professor Brown is emphatically a city man. Born in Manhattan, with metropolitan grandparents and parents, graduating from Yale Phi Beta Kappa and fourth scholar in his class (1886) at the age of twenty, taking a long term of graduate study in Berlin, he began teaching in New York City at Union Seminary when he was twenty-six, and held that post for forty-four years.

It was a wise decision when he chose a professorship rather than a pastorate. For while he loves many different kinds of human relationships, he is primarily a scholar, and in Milton's phrase, he was foreordained to behold "the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies." That is what it used to be at Union Seminary; but in the twentieth century, to make the Miltonic sentence fit the case, we should have to change the word "truth" to "youth" and "quiet and still air" to "tumultuous and stormy"—for Union Theological Seminary is one of the hottest battlefields in the world. Fortunate indeed it is that two men, its President Henry Sloane Coffin and one of its professors William Adams Brown, have combined religious consecration with extraordinary diplomatic tact. Personally I had rather be an opera impresario or a lion-tamer.

Dr. Brown is not only a theologian; he is a Christian. I am not a Catholic; but one reason for the advance of the Catholic Church in power and numbers is that the Catholic Church really believes something; it has never substituted political and economic reform for individual spiritual regeneration. Now Dr. Brown's statement of his faith is very fine and largely accounts for his success as a teacher of men preparing for the ministry.

> What that gospel was, I did not doubt. It was the good news of a God who had made Himself known in the man Christ Jesus, as the righteous and loving Father who was giving Himself for the life of the world. It was a Christo-centric gospel. But the Christ in whom God was supremely revealed was not simply the man of Galilee and Jerusalem, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, though he was this, but the one in whom God had Himself entered humanity in self-imparting love; in whom, therefore, we could find a window through which we could look into the heart of God.

In addition to his professional work as a teacher and the details of the changes wrought at Yale when he was a member of the Corporation, there are many adventures in city slums, in the war in Europe, in "fifty years of Mount Desert," in English and Scots Universities—he has had and is having an exciting and happy life, filled with enjoyment with family and friends, and the consciousness (never emphasized by himself) of having done a great deal of good.

As he mentions one of his teachers who insisted on minute accuracy, may I suggest that in the next edition some trifling errors be corrected?

Newman "Smythe," Rev. Joseph "Twitchell," "Centre" Church in New Haven, Professor "Thatcher" are all spelled incorrectly. Mrs. "Charles" Cushing should be Mrs. William Lee Cushing. "Terracina" Peck should be Teresina. It was not Poe of Princeton who made the famous run for a touchdown in 1885, it was Lamar.

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The Author of "Pinocchio"

BY GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI

THE name of Pinocchio has been familiar to children the world over for the past generation; and it may be said that there isn't a grown-up who has been through school who hasn't heard the story, either told in his own language or shown on the screen, of the wooden marionette who becomes a boy. Even Soviet Russia has given us a version.

Yet no one ever asks who its author was, and few men, outside of Italy, can tell you anything about him. Even a scholar like Carl Van Doren, in the preface to a de luxe edition of "Pinocchio"—as beautiful typographically as misleading in its illustrations—confesses knowing "very little concerning its author."

Collodi is not even the real name of the author but the pseudonym which he adopted from the name of the villa where, as the son of the chef of the proprietor, he spent many years of his childhood. This villa—as it lay huddled in the arms of a valley, caressed each evening by the departing sun—was saved from eternal oblivion by the author, Carlo Lorenzini, whose fame spread the name to the four corners of the earth. As you approached the villa—which was owned by a Tuscan nobleman of the eighteenth century—on the small road surrounded by low walls, you suddenly came upon a strange architectural structure composed of foliage, a veritable theater of trees, where was evident the hand of a gardener-sculptor who had known how to mould the vegetation to his will, to have it now assume the shape of a pilaster, now of a column, now of a loggia, now of a niche, within whose branches were housed grandiose and grotesque statues, and fantastic fountains spouting up their jets to intertwine with the air in a most bizarre fashion.

Collodi

Carlo Lorenzini was not born there, but in Florence, in 1826, where he later returned to complete his studies. It seems that he never went very far in them, with the result that he remained but a small-time employee of the Grand Duke. (Tuscany at the time was ruled by a good-natured but weary Austrian dynasty, whose "tyranny" consisted in keeping the Italian people in a state of enforced idleness.)

Yet in that humble employee's soul there was a spark that could not be dimmed by the monotony of those four walls of his office: there burned in him the desire to write and jest. He busied himself with dramatic criticism, he wrote sketches and satires, he even founded a small journal called *The Lamp Post*. Like all Italian writers and youths of the period, he espoused the liberal cause, and hoped some day to see a new and united Italy, free of foreign domination. In 1848 he joined the Tuscan student forces which acquitted themselves well on the battle-fields of Curtatone and Montanara in Lombardy. In 1859 he again joined the colors, this time as a member of the cavalry. Finally in 1860, with Italy free and united, he found himself transferred from the Austrian's employ to that of his own country. He did not, however, rise in office, or change his way of life. He still remained that same perfunctory sort of employee, never really interested in his work, barely respectful toward his superiors, always dissatisfied with his salary. In all probability, he preferred writing articles or going to the theater, to recording in the archives. But even his writings, though they reveal a decided flair for dialogue and scene-making, never seem to have quite succeeded. They were later collected under the titles "Gay Grimaces" and "Eyes and Noses," which today are scarcely ever read. In them is depicted a middle-class world with a comic moralistic touch, but without profundity or penetration.

It was by accident that he came to write for children. A modest editor of the day, a certain Felix Paggi, asked him, in 1879, to translate Perrault's "Three Fairly Tales" from the French. The book was immediately popular. Whereupon the editor invited him to send in something of his own.

Lorenzini did. There was current at the time a tradition inaugurated by one Pallavicini, an author of children's books, known as "teaching by entertaining." Its basic idea was to have pupils participate in the subject they were being taught:—map out a voyage in geography, act out the events in history. These are formulae well known to all writers of children's books, and have been the germ of a vast literature on the subject in all parts of the world. Thus came into being two of Collodi's creations, "Little Joe" and "Tiny Morsel," and with them a raft of Little Joes that went parading up and down Italy learning their reading and arithmetic, and brandishing (what was new in those days) a magic lantern.

Today "Little Joe" and "Tiny Morsel" are no longer in vogue, and are relegated to the domain of powdered wigs and carriages. No Italian child will read them now. Their editor has even tried to stream-line them, adapting them to changed social and technological conditions, but all in vain.

But Lorenzini did not stop there. Another incident occurred, purely arbitrary, which resulted in his one and only masterpiece. There had just started in Rome, in 1881, the publishing of a *Children's Journal,* with Guido Biagi, a friend of Lorenzini, as its secretary. The former relates that one day he received a batch of papers, carelessly written, together with an explanatory note from Lorenzini, whom he had invited to collaborate with him. In this note, he found the following: "I send you this bit of *Childishness,* do with it what you can, but if you publish it, *pay me well for it,* so that I'll have some incentive for following it up." This bit of childishness was called "The Adventures of a Puppet." It became very popular. Soon Biagi began pestering him for more. He started to send in chapters every now and then, whenever it struck his fancy, without even rereading what had gone before, content to devote himself to editing and correcting the text. Thus was Pinocchio born, and thus did he grow.

From the journal he passed into book form. The editor Bemporad, who bought him, made a fortune from the book. It is estimated that in Italy alone the sale exceeded a million copies. Out of it, poor Lorenzini made but a few thousand lire. The book then passed from Italy into foreign countries, where it was translated in all languages, including the most distant and remote like Japanese and Irish.

But more interesting than its financial was its literary success. Carlo Lorenzini himself died unaware of the fact that he had written a world's best seller, one destined to become a classic in Italian literature. His contemporaries considered him just another writer of children's stories. But the trend today among the more prominent Italian critics is to see in Collodi not only the Tuscan writer of color and wit, but also the affirmation of the goodness and realistic teaching of life. Pinocchio is a hero of the soul, who, like the characters of the "Divine Comedy" and "Faust," goes through life finally transformed by experience. It is the story of hope

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and fear, joy and disillusionment, death and transfiguration. From a marionette with inordinate instincts and desires, tumbling downward on the road to ruin, Pinocchio emerges from the trials and tribulations of life a real boy.

Of greater moment to the foreign reader, however, is the question of how the fame of Pinocchio and the obscurity of its author are to be reconciled; the international success of *one* of his writings and the total oblivion of all the rest. As a matter of fact, all of Lorenzini's other writings have been buried in their land of birth—not one succeeding in crossing the Alps or finding its way into the hearts of children of another day and age.

The answer usually given is that Lorenzini did not take his hero seriously; that he sat down to pen "The Adventures of a Puppet" in an indifferent state of mind, with no other end in view than that of being well-paid. By so doing, however, he unwittingly divested himself of all literary and pedagogic preoccupations. He felt himself at ease, perfectly free to roam the domains of his imagination for childhood memories and fairy tales told him by his mother in the fantastic garden of Collodi. In such a charmed state of detachment he was able to evoke and give expression to his own experiences as a boy, who perhaps used to play hookey or sneak into a puppet-show, or run from the sight of a policeman. The adventures of Pinocchio fascinated because they recalled echoes of an unknown world of childhood, recorded in accents so familiar that every child could see himself reflected in them. Had Lorenzini thought of moralizing or giving out precepts, he would have given us another Little Joe or Tiny Morsel, false artificial creations of his first period. Instead he gave us Pinocchio, a creature unhampered by intellectual and moral considerations, and who by his spontaneous display of life, has endeared himself to the hearts of every man, woman, and child the world over.

Certainly Pinocchio is Italian or, rather, Tuscan, to be more exact. (There are even Italian editions of the work with tiny glossaries of Tuscan expressions in it, to aid children from other regions). But the Italian or Tuscan atmosphere portrayed there is not the precise historical one of Little Joe and Tiny Morsel, but the vague poetical one of fairy-land. Benedetto Croce, Italy's beloved philosopher and critic, in an essay written to explain Pinocchio's great appeal to children and grown-ups alike, has said of it:

> It is a human tale which finds its way to the heart. The author intended to narrate the extravagant adventures of a marionette to amuse the curiosity and imagination of the child, and at the same time administer, by means of that interest, moral blessings and admonitions: in fact here and there are still discernible slight traces of that didactic intonation. But soon he began to take interest in the character and in his vicissitudies as in the fable of human life fraught with good and evil, error and atonement, temptation and resistance, rashness and prudence, egoistic concern and generous thought for others. The wood out of which Pinocchio is carved is humanity itself, and he who is its representative marches across the scene of life as one bent upon a perilous journey: a puppet, to be sure, but thoroughly spiritual.

Gnarled Lives

PAY THY PLEASURE. By Elisabeth Inglis-Jones. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 304 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

AT the core of Miss Inglis-Jones's book are two gnarled, complex, vital characters. They are Esther Girling, a passionate woman who has been denied all passion by the fact of her physical ugliness, and Lew Gower, a man of much spirit and few scruples, who finds it useful to play the ardent lover. These are two elements of heat and cold mismated; they flare up briefly in a compound as violent as it is foredoomed. At the end it is Gower who leaps lightly into other arms, while Esther has had the very last of her spirit drained away and moves deliberately toward the second and greater tragedy. This, too, is foreshadowed. The physical facts of the book are baldly patterned, and its intensity flows not from this but from the careful analysis Miss Inglis-Jones has given to each of the antagonists.

The life of the book is theirs, for it must be plainly admitted that the others around them are stock characters. The story is laid in Wales, and moves through a freely sketched landscape that takes in large estates, towns, watering places. This, too, is somewhat unreal. The focus is bent with uncompromising intentness upon the two; the rest is a blur of lines and shade. It may be this very singleness of vision which adds depth and clarity to every detail of Esther's torture and Gower's degeneracy, and yet there is that effect of their playing out their tragedy in a void, the only realities in a vague, thin world. If they had been placed against a texture of environment, secondary characters, minor details, comparable to their own roles, it would be possible to conjecture a novel of large and classic proportions. Such is the shadow cast by this engrossing story.

Behind the Westwall

WITHIN GERMANY. By Oswald Garrison Villard. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1940. 87 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by JOHN C. DEWILDE

MR. VILLARD has a well-established and deserved reputation as a champion of great liberal causes. Within the covers of this little book he returns to his old profession as a reporter and acquits himself no less brilliantly. Into his account of Germany at war he has woven his own warm personality and philosophy. His reports have a poignancy and vividness that would be difficult to equal.

As might be expected, Mr. Villard does not draw a happy picture of Nazi Germany. His outstanding impression, he tells us, was "of a people depressed and unhappy, facing the future with deep discouragement." He found few simon-pure Nazis outside official circles and no little dissension and open discontent. Bankers, businessmen, and economists were almost invariably of the opinion that the trend toward communism could not be arrested; and the working classes were deeply dissatisfied. Mr. Villard's detestation of the Nazi régime may have led him to generalize too much those manifestations of opposition which he observed, but at least he recognizes that there is no "early possibility of internal collapse." He even concedes that the middle and upper classes "have somewhat rallied to Hitler" under an appeal to their patriotism. The strength of Germany impressed him. He credits the Nazis with an air force of 30,000 planes and a submarine fleet of 300 to 400 ships—figures which experts have received with some skepticism. The general opinion among neutral observers was that Germany "could hold out for two or more years."

Yet Mr. Villard believes that Hitler might be forced to an early peace. He urges the Allies to define their war aims in generous terms and to disseminate them widely among the war-weary Germans. Perhaps he underestimates the difficulty of persuading a people who still retain bitter memories of the "fourteen points." But Mr. Villard's confidence in the outcome of the war rests above all on his faith in the moral superiority of the Allies, in that "quiet calm determination to see the thing through to the bitter end" which he found in England. Germany cannot win, he declares. "Humanity, human decency and dignity forbid it."

Mr. de Wilde is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

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All Our Yesterdays

(*Continued from page* 4)

and, abandoning evangelism, conduct its foreign policy in terms of strict self-interest?

The task is a hard one. Just as the members of a once simple middle class suddenly grown rich find it difficult to become Southern ladies and gentlemen for all that they occupy the old plantation homes along the James, and fall off horses where Virginia aristocrats once rode, so too is it difficult for a once evangelistic country to become hard-boiled overnight. Thus we are now essaying with pathetic confusion to order the kind of world in which we would like to live, without undertaking the painful task of its ordering. Simultaneously we have abandoned the neutral rights upon which we have so long insisted even at the cost of war, and have loaded our so-called neutrality legislation to favor the Allies whose victory the overwhelming majority of Americans devoutly desire. But our cash-and-carry aid, it already appears to us, while it may save the Allies from precipitous defeat, in no way assures their victory, and consequently we suffer the nervous strain of those who would affect the course of humanity by remote control. Moreover, as time passes, the tortures of indecision grow. In the years before and after Munich, Germany, and to a less extent, Russia, were the villains of the piece. We sneered at Britain and France because they would not fight. But when they were finally at war, by a strange transvaluation of values, the Allies became the villains. Immediately a thousand journalists and ten thousand newspapers, radio speakers, American Legionnaires, columnists, and ladies of the peace societies shrilly bade us beware of British propaganda, told us that Europe was fighting an imperialistic war, and advised us to mind our own business. At first, we were pugnaciously firm in our resolution to have nothing to do with Europe; a resolution bolstered by the perhaps unconscious but almost universally held assumption that in any event the Allies would win the war. Now, however, doubts begin to assail us. The legend of British-French invincibility pales. It is not, we are beginning to believe, written in the stars that the Allies must win. We are troubled and a little afraid. Spring, we fear, will bring redder flowers than roses to England; April in Paris may see the falling of more than the gentle rain. Or—greatest fear of all—the twilight of the gods may descend on the Siegfried Line as the young manhood of Britain and France dies in a vain attempt to conquer Germany. The mystic chords of memory of this polyglot nation stretch taut and far; sometimes the Yser and the Saone seem to empty into Harper's Ferry.

To us who say that the European war is none of our business—yet cannot envisage a world in which one or two powers may ruthlessly dominate the West and Japan the East—the slow crumbling of the Roman Empire seems an old wives' tale by contrast with the possible overnight collapse of the stupendous British and French empires. For all our techniques and resources, we know that the only truly self-contained communities in the world are the cemeteries. We note, too, in our more lucid moments, how closely our own diplomatic policy is following that of Britain and France which brought them to disaster—the policy of wait and see, of hesitation and concession, of—in short—muddling through. In our restlessness we toss at night, but the clear light of day which usually dispels night-born fantasies now merely deepens them. In the world we inhabit the wildest improbability can become reality. Who would have said in 1933 that the then upstart Hitler would by 1940 become undisputed master of 80,000,000 Germans engaged in a life-and-death struggle with Britain and France?

In the East, the darkness of Pacific nights is pierced by the semaphore blinkings of our war vessels; off the coasts of Hawaii, the Philippines, and China, ship talks to ship in wireless code. After forty years of note-writing, treaty-making, pleadings, and diplomatic frustrations of Japan's imperial ambitions, we face a showdown with the country whose philosophy and way of life were held up by General Ludendorff as an admirable model for Germans to follow. Our trade relations with Japan are on a day-to-day basis; the entire structure of our relationship with her is at the mercy of an incident. But while American desires and Japanese ambitions in China are irreconcilable—one or the other must give way in order to avoid war—we are not in a position, should we so desire, to enforce our aims. The dilemma of isolationist America is cruel. It cannot proceed safely in the east because it fears the eventualities of war in the west—the war which, we are told, is none of our business. The collapse of Britain and France might face us with staggering problems in the Atlantic, and would almost certainly release Japan to sweep southward to the Netherlands Indies and practically impregnable dominion in much of the Pacific. It is beyond even our gigantic capacities to run a three-ring international naval circus. The consequence is that our refusal to intervene in the West makes it impossible for us to intervene with the greatest effectiveness in the East; a conclusion which must be satisfactory to the majority of our citizens because it gives them, willy-nilly, not merely the isolationism for which they yearn but isolationism in a paralytic form.

But, strangely enough, our so-called strong position toward Japan has the support of influential groups in and out of Congress. And whatever the position may lack in logic, it is shot through with a certain harmonious illogicality soothing to a people whose reasoning so often stops at the water's edge. We have decided that staying out of war is worth the price of surrendering our neutral rights in the war zones of Europe, but at the same time we insist, even at the risk of war or diplomatic humiliation, upon maintaining our rights in the battle zones of Asia. The rights, moreover, which we have given up in Europe are not only as old as our right to trade in China upon an equality with other nations, but are rights which we have fortified by American blood. How, then, shall we apply one assumption in the West and a diametrically opposed assumption in the East? Or is it that the richest and mightiest nation on earth, in its blundering efforts to escape the world of which it is so great a part, must inevitably in the attempt evade hell only to attain hades?

Whatever may be the answers to these questions, whether we go to war or remain at peace, and whatever the outcome of conflict in Europe or Asia, it seems to me an inescapable conclusion that the nineteen-forties will find America struggling with staggering problems engendered by a world at war. America's greatest unsolved spiritual and material question is its relationship to Europe and the world, and until it has been resolved we shall be worried, conscience-troubled, and a little lonely. It is my belief, therefore, that when Mr. Allen comes to record the nineteen-forties, the shadows of the world will lie heavily upon the pages of his American history.

David L. Cohn is the author of a forthcoming work entitled "The Good Old Days," which is a survey of the changing mores of America as reflected by Sears, Roebuck catalogues.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 307)

CARL SANDBURG
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

There was a funeral. . . . It was garish, vulgar, massive, bewildering, chaotic. Also it was simple, final, majestic, august. . . . The masses, nameless and anonymous numbers of persons not listed nor published among those present—these redeemed it.

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Walt Disney's "Pinocchio"

BY THOMAS BURTON

ALDOUS HUXLEY is now in Hollywood (of all places) training himself to accept life without passion, rancor, heroic impulses, and exalted idealism. One day he met Mr. Walt Disney.

"Mr. Disney," said Aldous Huxley, "what do you think of Picasso?"

"Who," Mr. Disney is reported to have answered, "is Picasso?"

There is no need for anyone to ask who Walt Disney is. The jitterbugs, quibbling intellectuals, dyspeptic bishops, and congressmen all meet on common ground. All know him.

The motion picture "Pinocchio" is the masterwork of an artist and a literary force who grew up in the American Middle West, who never traveled far or read much, who studied on the fringe of art, and who developed an art form in which he stands high and alone. He is a man sure of his touch —simple, direct, earthy—and for all his world-wide acclaim, an American who will lower his head when you call him genius; almost ducking defensively—as if to say—"it ain't true, pal."

Do not expect his "Pinocchio" to recapture the pathos, the sad sweetness of the original Italian fairy tale you read in childhood. Disney has discarded the tall, shabby, sadfaced, ugly-nosed, heart-filling character. That tipsily distracted wooden face is not for Disney. In his place there is a sweet-faced little creature, a human doll of a little boy, alert, alive with his own emotions; Disney's idea of youth.

For Disney—just as he ignores Picasso—had to ignore the gawking creature of dismal foreboding and lacerated pride that is the original Pinocchio. One reason for this is Disney's style. His art is the art of soft-focus caricature, of picturing animals and men as lovable and amusing people. His art is all good-natured curves. Disney has discarded the straight line as bad for animation and the pure joy he sees in life. Both his technical limitations and his background have kept him from being another Rowlandson, Daumier, Leech, Gavarni, or Hogarth. He cannot, like them, be casually cruel or see with their cold artistic lassitude.

This gives him all his talents to be put into surface entertainment. There is no place for social bite, grand manner, art theory in his work. Walt Disney in "Pinocchio" lets nothing confuse his story. He sees it and tells it with a charm, a wit, a beautiful sense of pace and mounting. It will hold you (no matter what your congenitally low vitality) on the edge of your seat. It will keep you living in a wonderful world of form and color and excitement.

"Pinocchio" is Walt Disney's second full-length feature. Compared with it, "Snow White" looks like a feeble chalk scrawl on a wall. Those dreadful human zombies, Snow White and the Prince, have been discarded. Disney's mild, pleasant caricatures are in full control of events. His caressing, heartfelt, sensuous imagery is at its best when it comes from his mind—not from photographs.

Disney's literary style is something to marvel at. He is an artist of astringent perfection, who mixes his colors into the right portions of wit, fantasy, art, and text. His creatures have a tempered emotional quality.

His Jiminy Cricket is a pure joy. Geppetto the woodcarver, who makes himself a wooden son named Pinocchio, is a remarkable creation. He is almost a type—one of the little people of this world who toil and hope and fight the wars and pray in churches, who pick the crops or hurry home on the 5:55 every night. His kitten Figaro, and Cleo the goldfish, are in the best Walt Disney tradition. But J. Worthington Foulfellow, the fox ("Just call me Honest John"), and his sidekick Giddy are villains drawn in a new manner and animated with a masterly hand. These two rascals could have stepped full grown from the pages of François Villon—and with him they can shout at their last mad merry moment:

"De tombel? riens je n'en ay cure,
Car il greveroit le planchier."

There are two Walt Disneys. One is the man who loves polo better than anything this side of heaven, who sneaks in and out of New York City to avoid the hue and cry of admirers and reporters who want to build a personal mythology around him. The other Disney is the maker of "Pinocchio." This other Disney is a Hindu god employing the arms and minds of over three hundred artists, writers, gagmen, music arrangers. This Disney is the center of a whirling madhouse of drawing boards, cameras, scripts, stage-sets, and sketches.

Every sketch, every bar of music in "Pinocchio" is pure Disney—becomes so as if by magic once he has passed on it. Instinctively his delicately balanced intelligence knows just what to do with material created in his mold. At conferences he sits shifting all scripts, balancing, cutting, pyramiding the laughter, suggesting, coating everything with an emulsion of fantasy, fun, whimsy, and textual variations that is pure Walt Disney. Never does he descend into the sticky-sweet whamsey of Winnie-the-Pooh. His taste does not play him wrong in selecting what is to go into the drawings which are to march across the screen and which millions of people will at once recognize as Walt Disney's personal touch. He enjoys his work, and while working he feels no agonies of cultural inferiority that has marred the work of other talented men.

There are of course limitations to the man. The work he does costs millions of dollars. He himself is a simple fellow with no great interest in making an impression of being a man of great wealth. But he does not humble himself and give the idea that success bores him. Rather, he is proud of his success. Proud of what he has done in a new art form.

For no matter what becomes of the art of animated painting—it was Walt Disney and his sustained observation who wrote the Book of Genesis of the new art. Its fountain head will always be the prodigiously endowed man who is supposed to have asked, "who is Picasso?"

This is the second appearance of a new feature which will be published from time to time in The Saturday Review. *Mr. Burton, a novelist with a wide background of experience in Hollywood, will review motion pictures which have literary significance.*

The Critical Record

Reader's Guide to the Literature of Criticism

Title and Author	*What It's About*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE NOVEL AND THE MODERN WORLD *David Daiches* (University of Chicago Press: $2.50.)	Alert, brilliant treatment of 6 modern English novelists, their significance to social historians.	See *Sat. Review,* issues of Jan. 27 and Feb. 10. After exciting pro and con discussion, *Sat. Review* Editor sums up— ☞	"Very good book, well worth reading"

THE NOVEL AND THE MODERN WORLD
By David Daiches $2.50 The University of Chicago Press

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Reports from the East

NEWS IS MY JOB: a Correspondent in War-Torn China. By Edna Lee Booker. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 375 *pp., with index.* $3.

THROUGH CHINA'S WALL. By Graham Peck. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 371 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

THE title of Miss Booker's volume is accurate, but not wholly fair. For China, and not journalism, is its real subject; and China even more than the author's life there. All three, in any case, are mingled together in a personal narrative that is lively, entertaining, and informative.

Shanghai, where the author has lived, worked, and married, is the constant center of the story she tells. To Shanghai she came in the early twenties, already trained in the ways of journalism but naively anticipatory of savoring the ways of life in China. The latter, especially as regards the life of a port city, are deftly communicated to the reader, and with a remarkable freshness and vitality. From Shanghai she leaves for a series of extraordinary interviews, secured with a mixture of skill, perseverance, and good luck from such titans as Sun Yat-sen, Wu Pei-fu, and Chang Tso-lin. In North China she had the unusual experience of living in Wu Pei-fu's household, and being entertained by Madame Wu, during one of the early crises in the civil wars.

All this before the revolutionary wave of 1925-1927 swept over China, wiping out old landmarks and shifting history into new channels. The author's early friendship with Soong Mei-ling, later Madame Chiang Kai-shek, enabled her to view with insight and appreciation the forces that were creating a new nationalism and remaking China. Much of the turbulence and upheaval of that period is recaptured in a series of swiftly moving scenes. Mao Tse-tung, present leader of the Chinese Communists, enters the picture briefly during his apprenticeship days at Shanghai, where the author met him and carried away a vivid memory which is set down in an apt characterization.

The last period again changes—to the story of Shanghai twice blasted and torn by Japanese bombs, and the march of aggression which led inexorably to the general hostilities of today. A brief vignette of Japan in wartime is given; then comes a hazardous trip to Hankow via Hongkong and Canton, and a return to the life of a news correspondent—sixteen years after her first landing in Shanghai. The familiar story of the enthusiasm and devotion of "free China," as it mobilizes its forces in the back country to withstand the Japanese invasion, is reviewed in telling manner. And the inescapable question, raised in the concluding letter from Madame Chiang Kai-shek, as to whether the Western democracies are to pass by on the other side of the road.

By a fortunate chance, early in January 1936, a tourist making a round-the-world trip was stranded in Peking. His money had not given out; he merely seemed attracted to Peking, more so than to any of the other goals chalked up on his itinerary. So he stayed on until June, and by that time could not bring himself to leave China.

Taking the opportunity to accompany a news-reel cameraman into Inner Mongolia, he left for Kweihwa. The result was a summer on the high desert plateaus of the Gobi, including six weeks spent in a *yurt* with a Mongol family. The pen-and-ink sketches of the landscapes and personalities of this "lost world," as the author terms it, are even more fascinating than the narrative.

But this was only the beginning of Graham Peck's experiences in China. By Christmas, after a visit in Shanghai, he was on a Yangtze river steamer bound for Szechuan province and China's Far West. More landscapes of the river, and of scenes in Chungking and Chengtu. Then an artist's growing interest in aboriginal types, ending in a trip to the Tibetan border in order to make drawings of the tribes people. Back again in Chungking, the road once more beckoned—this time the famous Yunnan-Burma highway. In June 1937 motor buses were already carrying passengers on the Chungking-Kweiyang-Kunming route, and Graham Peck now added to his travel experiences and to his sketchbook in the provinces of Yunnan and Kweichow. Before his return to Peking, he had rounded out his itinerary with a trip to Indo-China.

A set of fourteen magnificent drawings, ranging from aborigines to Peking types, crowns the wealth of illustrative sketches that mark the author's trails through China. In chapters which come as something of an anti-climax, he tells how the war reached Peking. He feels that the Chinese have an impregnable position "in the inaccessible western half of this country," and foresees an era of rapid development for China's western provinces.

★ ★ ★ ★

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SUBSCRIPTION TO MURDER *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.)	Worker for Spanish relief plugged outside Manhattan night-club. Private dick Shannon, while clearing millionaire's son, uncovers many tough customers.	Ten corpses, two skull fractures, numerous other injuries—record for year. Two nasty rackets basis of breathlessly exciting yarn.	Gory-geous
IN THE TEETH OF THE EVIDENCE *Dorothy L. Sayers* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	2 flimsy Wimseys, 5 Montague Eggs (cooking grade), and 10 other shorts ranging from swell to trivial.	Murders, consummated and attempted, some comedy, and finishing touch of quasi-supernatural—all clever enough but somehow empty.	Small beer
ROPE FOR A CONVICT *R. C. Woodthorpe* (Crime Club: $2.)	Fugitive from Dartmoor (decent chap, quite) accused of bashing possessor of First Folio Shakespeare. It solves itself.	"Frightfully British" and only faintly mysterious, but well supplied with charm, action, and quietly satisfying humor.	Topping—of its sort
SINFULLY RICH *Hulbert Footner* (Harpers: $2.)	Wealthy Manhattan widow fatally hyperdermicked. Gossip colyumist takes sleuthing laurels from police.	Good opening gambit shot to pieces by subsequent tank melodrama and some pretty careless writing.	Commonplace
DEATH CROONS THE BLUES *James Ronald* (Phoenix: $2.)	Blackmailing London cabaret singer stabbed with peer's dagger. Clever crime-reporter outwits police in man-hunt.	Swiftly paced melodrama with cynical semi-pro sleuth who absorbs wunnerful lot of punishment.	Average thriller

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Power and Morality in Foreign Policies

THE TWENTY YEARS' CRISIS, 1919-1939. By E. H. Carr. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 313 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

What has commonly been called the "return to power politics" in 1931 was, in fact, the termination of the monopoly of power enjoyed by the *status quo* powers. Stalin's lament that "in our days it is not the custom to reckon with the weak," and Mr. Chamberlain's remark that "in the world as we find it today an unarmed nation has little chance of making its voice heard," are curious tributes to the illusion that there was once a time when weak and unarmed countries played an effective role in international politics.

IN itself, this passage is hardly news; what makes it news is the fact that it was written by a professor of international politics in the University of Wales, a member of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, a peer of Gilbert Murray, A. F. Zimmern, A. J. Toynbee. When British academic liberals begin to go hard-boiled, we are entitled to feel that something is about to happen.

Professor Carr's book is not a narrative history of international affairs since the Treaty of Versailles, as his title might imply, but a theoretical study of the bases of international relations in the thoughts and feelings of modern Western men. The author, acknowledging the influence of Karl Mannheim, contrasts the Utopian approach of men like Wilson and Lord Cecil, good children of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the realistic approach of the modern preachers of power politics, whose intellectual lineage he traces back to Machiavelli. Neither approach, he thinks, is "scientific." The Utopians neglect what is for what they think ought to be. The realists make the mistake of denying that what men consider ethically good has any part in what they really want on this earth. The social scientist must study *both* power and morality in international politics and take account of their complex interactions in real life. He may hope ultimately to promote the rule of morality, not by working for a Utopian League of Nations, but by helping to promote a more modest approach to a rule of law in international affairs.

Professor Carr is thus not so far from the genius for compromise we associate with British liberalism as the quotation which heads this review would imply. He still hopes to salvage some of the decencies out of the present dog-fight. His main hope lies in some form of economic reconstruction, in which the satisfied powers yield to the dissatisfied powers, if not *Lebensraum* as Hitler understands it, at least rather more than the Treaty of Versailles conceded them. His book is a clear and temperate analysis of the main factors in the present international situation. It is especially good as a criticism of the "harmony of interests" assumption which underlay the Utopian internationalism of a Woodrow Wilson. If Professor Carr refuses us a blue-print for a more perfect international association, he is entirely within the rights he lays out for himself in outlining his methods of working. Such elegant superstructures, he concludes, "must wait until some progress has been made in digging the foundation."

Civilized Tribe

CHEROKEE CAVALIERS: Forty Years of Cherokee History as Told in the Correspondence of the Ridge-Watie-Boudinot Family. By Edward Everett Dale and Gaston Litton. Civilization of the American Indian Series. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1939. 319 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

IN its growing library on the history of the Southwest, with its special emphasis upon the Indian background, so essential and so grossly ignored by most historians, the University of Oklahoma Press is unearthing much curious material. Not the least notable is the present volume, containing the letters exchanged between various members of a leading family of that remarkable, self-civilized tribe, the Cherokees. They shed their peculiar light upon many aspects of the American scene between 1832 and 1872; humanitarianism and abolitionism in Boston (several of these Indians married New England wives), Washington in the days of Andrew Jackson and the conflict between him and Chief Justice Marshall, the agony of the Cherokee Removal from Georgia to Oklahoma—these set the stage. There is given, then, the Indians' side of struggles and feuds in the West, which were at the time a concern of Congress and the Government comparable to present interest in the affairs of Canada.

Here are a number of Cherokee pioneers in the California gold rush, another who is a successful engraver in Philadelphia, and a brigadier general in the Confederate army. A well-educated Cherokee delegate sends his reports of the progress of the Civil War from Richmond. This is indeed an unexpected window opened upon a wide sweep of history.

There is a good bit of heavy going in a book of this sort, inevitably; repaid many times over to the student of those times, repaid to the curious-minded generally by the constant, human flashes. It is, taken as a whole, a student's book in which the ordinary man, dipping and sampling, will find enlightening surprises.

A Neglected Poet

RICHARD CRASHAW. A Study in Baroque Sensibility. By Austin Warren. University, La.: Louisiana State University Press. 1939. 260 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

THERE were no doubts in the mind of the anonymous eulogist who wrote the Preface to "Steps to the Temple" (1646). After disposing of the courtly poets of the time as "under-headed poets, . . . Madrigall fellowes, whose onely businesse in verse is to rime a poore six-penny soule, a Subburb sinner into hell", he proposed to the "Learned Reader" a vision of Crashaw apotheosized: "Oh! . . . with what a triumphant brow shall our divine Poet sit above, and looke downe upon poore *Homer, Virgil, Horace, Claudian? &c.* who had amongst them the ill lucke to talke out a great part of their gallant Genius upon Bees, Dung, froggs, and Gnats, &c. and not as himselfe here, upon Scriptures, divine Graces, Martyrs and Angels." It was a pious wish, but one scarcely to be realized. Poor Homer, Virgil, Horace, are safe enough; and many of the Madrigall fellowes have achieved a surer fame than this perverse, ecstatic, Marinist Crashaw. He is one of the most neglected of poets. When he is represented in the anthologies at all, it is

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by the "Wishes: To his (supposed) Mistresse", or by a mutilation of one of the hymns to St. Teresa. His text has been superbly edited by Professor L. C. Martin; and Professor Mario Praz, in "Secentismo e Marinismo" and elsewhere, has subjected certain aspects of his technique to a subtle analysis; but this book by Professor Warren is the first adequate account of the man and his work that I have seen in English.

It opens with a concise chapter on the Laudian movement and the Counter-Reformation: the theological intricacies are rather summarily dealt with, but enough is given for a background. The bias is Anglo-Catholic. The greater part of the book concerns itself with the poetry: there is an excellent brief study of the Emblem and *Impresa,* those characteristic devices of baroque art where allegory and parable were visualized *ad litteram* and then described in epigrammatic verse that reflected in its metaphors the strain and grotesqueness of the originals. It is our good fortune that Mr. Warren is theologically as well as critically skillful, for he undertakes a most illuminating analysis of certain of the "Epigrammata Sacra," the curious, mannered Latin epigrams that Crashaw wrote while he was still among the Anglicans. One wishes, indeed, that there could have been more of this criticism, as well as a more thorough study, along the lines indicated by Praz, of Marino and Marinism. Here, in the dissection of images, the taking apart of the often almost psychotically extravagant metaphors and other tropes, is the way to the understanding of Crashaw, of a manner of thinking superficially so alien to us that it is something of a shock to discover that fundamentally it is not unlike our own time's Marinism, Gongorism, Eliotism, or what you will. Mr. Warren's service to Crashaw and to seventeenth-century religious poetry is a great one. Thanks to him, we can more nearly attain the hope expressed by the first editor: "So maist thou take a Poem hence, and tune thy soule by it, into a heavenly pitch; and thus refined and borne up upon the wings of meditation, In these poems thou maist talke freely of God, and of that other state."

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Key-Spots of Tension

EUROPE DOWNSTREAM. By Leonard O. Mosley. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 370 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

ON June 22, 1937 Leonard Oswald Mosley—no relative, apparently, of the British fascist leader and certainly no intellectual kin—was married to Isabel Allan of Edinburgh. For more than two years afterward, the newlyweds crisscrossed back and forth through Europe as roving correspondents for British papers. Resourceful, unbiased, sublimely fortunate in reaching key spots at crucial moments, they lived life at high tempo and watched the European continent careen from appeasement to war. "Europe Downstream" is the record of their experience. It will rank high among our volumes of journalistic reminiscence, for it combines a keen perception of basic forces with dramatic personal adventures.

Mr. Mosley's first post-honeymoon assignment put him aboard a 1,500-ton French merchantman, where a captain addicted to amorous dalliance and an energetically non-intervening Dutch control officer enlivened a gun-running trip through the Franco blockade to Loyalist Spain. A hair-breadth escape from capture by the insurgent cruiser *Baleares* marked his first brush with the Spanish nationalists, but not his last. Though Englishmen were not popular there, Mosley managed with luck and discretion to enter Franco Spain and remained long enough to observe the factional splits beneath the façade of fascist unity. Back in Britain, he savored the conflict between the dominant mentality of appeasement and the growing rebellion against it. He was with the fleet at Gibraltar during naval maneuvers in the spring of 1938, and repeats an entirely plausible yarn on the mysterious destruction of the *Baleares* which may one day interest the historians.

As the area of tension shifted to Germany, the Mosleys transferred their activities with it. They covered the last Nuremberg party congress in 1938; secured an amusing interview with the Jew-baiter Streicher, who chose to pose as a misinterpreted but kindly man; and sized up the ambitious Himmler and the glacial Ribbentrop with rare acumen. The family with whom they resided reflected within itself the conflicts of interest and emotion, of youth and age, which have tormented the Nazi Reich. And when the breaks came, the authors were strategically located. In Eger, Asch, Prague, and Munich they watched the agony of the Czechs and the triumph of the irresponsible Sudetens, unwitting tools of Hitler's henchmen. In Danzig last summer, they observed the same process. They left the Reich on the eve of conflict to return to a grim and determined Britain. They had seen Europe "plunge down to war," and to them the responsibility for the debacle was clear. Few Americans need instruction on this point, but for those who do, the Mosleys' stories of fascist methods will provide an interesting object-lesson.

Big Top in England

LUKE'S CIRCUS. By Ruth Manning-Sanders. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1940. 464 *pp.* $2.50.

HERE is a success story of conventional pattern: burning childhood ambition, opposition ranging from parental to cosmic, years of hard work and privation, near defeat, and final triumph. The freshness of this unevenly written novel arises from its unfamiliar background (to Americans, at least)—the small British circus—and from the acknowledgment that in the circus microcosm alongside perseverence, ambition, and self-denial there exist also seduction, sex perversion, and pregnancy. Such things are as startling and jolting in "Luke's Circus" as they would be in the homilies of the Reverend Horatio Alger or the Reverend Lloyd Douglas, for the novel otherwise has the naive charm, tenderness, and sound morality one would expect in fiction approved for Boston school children—and adults.

Lacking the flamboyance and vivid coloring of Lady Eleanor Smith's circus and gypsy stories, "Luke's Circus" may recall for some readers Priestley's "The Good Companions" and the adventures of the Crummles players in "Nicholas Nickleby." The wild and giddy humor of Dickens is missing, for Mrs. Manning-Sanders's characters remain this side of caricature; the author has them perform for the circus crowds, not for the readers. The story keeps one in almost constant good humor, although one suspects that Luke, like most people with a single interest, is a tiresome bore. Even such catastrophes as devastating storms, the fatal elephant stampede, and the horrible destruction of the novel's lovable character by an enraged lion, graze our nervous system rather than our deeper sensibilities. The somewhat trite love story almost intrudes, for love is quite incidental in the life of the hero, whose great love is the circus.

We are convinced that the author knows circus life, its men and animals, its economics, its hard work, its inescapable magic, its language. A glossary of circus terms is included which provides an interesting linguistic study. Such terms as "big top," "joint," "cat," "Hey, Rube!" need no translation for American readers, and one is surprised to find "balonie" used exactly as it is used in the Empire State Building. The most contemptuous term is "flatty"—any one who is not "circus." One finishes the novel humbled, almost humiliated by the ignominy of being a flatty, and half-way convinced that we non-circus folk lead a trivial, bootless existence.

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The New Books

Fiction

FLIGHT. By Arthur Omre. Appleton-Century. 1940. 296 *pp.* $2.50.

This is the story of a man's fear. He has escaped from prison, and tries to find a place in human society, tortured by the constant thought that he might be discovered and sent back to prison. Under the name of Berg, he hides away in small towns, becomes a fish merchant, wanders restlessly, and falls in love. The novel tells about Berg's fear; it hardly tells about Berg, or the man Berg was before he became a fugitive. Whatever he experiences centers around his fear. Berg remains a shadow, running frantically along a shadowy street. We cannot clearly discern his face. Nor can we distinguish his road. We can only see him run and hear his panting breath.

Arthur Omre is one of the modernistic Norwegian writers. His restless spirit leaps out of a nervous, staccato style. There is tenseness from the first to the last page, yet a tenseness so overwrought that it fails to be truly dramatic. The suspense is kept on the same excited level throughout the book, and the reader may find himself left deaf as from too much noise.

We learn little about Berg's psychology. His sense of guilt, his crime, his ambitions remain in the dark together with the people who cross his path. His love for the peasant girl appears colorless and without emotional foundation. Even his very fear lacks psychological foundation, although it is described directly enough to make the fatal ending appear inevitable. Berg runs; he hides his face and heart even from the reader. Only on rare occasions can we catch a glimpse at him. The passage where Berg feels the ardent and hopeless desire to confide in a stranger is strong and moving. When he visits his wife before his final arrest he becomes real and human. At such moments Omre shows the talent which one senses behind the taut monotony of his narrative.

M. H.

FRAMED IN HARDWOOD. By Eric Lowe. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1940. 301 *pp.* $2.50.

The author of that admirable first novel, "Salute to Freedom," has, in his second experiment, told the story of a rugged individualist who rose out of obscurity to a place of power in his Australian community. The lives of many people are ruined in the course of Peter Bennett's ruthless progress. In early boyhood he develops an expert technique of exploitation and turns it upon the Quixotically fine and generous man who has given him a home. Later he trades upon the stupidity of a girl and the moral weakness of her father to take from them land that he wants for himself. His conscience gives him no trouble when he even kills to protect his property. But he achieves at the height of his career something really monstrous in the way of impersonal cruelty. First, by building a dam where no dam should ever have been attempted, he helps to ruin all the people living in his valley; and, second, he exploits their subsequent misery by buying up their savings in the temporarily embarrassed bank at ten shillings on a pound.

Peter Bennett's acts are completely odious because they do not even have passion to apologize, shamefacedly, for their viciousness. The creator of this strange character is completely aware of the amoral and anti-social nature of features in the portrait. Yet he tries to put a sentimental wash of hero-worship over the grossness. The figure of the strong man who somehow rises superior to the ordinary moral responsibilities is a favorite sentimental concept of literature. It needs a great deal of justifying which Mr. Lowe, in the sketchy form he has chosen for this study, is not able to offer. If he has a consistently ironic attitude toward Peter and the ruthlessness that he represents, the author does not make it clear. A certain confusion toward his material in Mr. Lowe's own mind seems evident from the melodramatic and movie-ish effect of his climaxes, the rigid incredibility of most of his characters (some of them personify villainy almost in the Elizabethan way), and the mannered style of many a passage.

It is the evident superiority of the author's essential gift which makes this novel, written so uncritically and perhaps in too great haste, seem a great disappointment.

J. G.

DILDO CAY. By Nelson Hayes. Houghton Mifflin. 1940. 328 *pp.* $2.50.

Perhaps this had best be set down as a light novel of salt and passion. The salt has been the sole care of generations of Ainsworths; it is the sole product of their island-kingdom, Dildo Cay in the Bahamas. The passion arises when young Adrian A., heir to this traditional responsibility, hires a manager for the salt-works from Bermuda, and the manager brings his daughter. That is the basic situation. Add to it the menace of a primitive black population that, boorishly treated by the new manager, finally disposes of him by an offstage murder. Add also the fact that Adrian has a wife who happens not to be on Dildo at the same time as the manager's daughter because she is about to present him with an heir and needs to be where she can receive medical attention.

From its first line, "Dildo Cay" car-

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ries the promise of a thriller, but the promise is never fulfilled. It is as if the author of this first novel, afraid of his situations and never quite believing in them himself, had taken refuge from their implications in easy descriptions of wind and surf, and in mere talk among the characters. Perhaps this is why the murder takes place offstage, where it does not matter so much that it is unconvincing. The dialogue, which fills a good part of the book, gives an impression of strength because the characters tend to be unnecessarily rude to one another, but its sense is often hard to find. Finally, problems with which the protagonists are confronted, the reader feels, need never have arisen to begin with and, having arisen, might have been more easily solved. Swallow these objections, however, and you have a novel that moves fairly briskly, has a pleasant setting, and will serve as well as many another to pass a couple of evenings painlessly.

L. J. H., Jr.

International

HUMANE ENDEAVOR. The Story of the China War. By Haldore Hanson. Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 390 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Despite its title, this is a good book. The title comes from one of the songs of W. S. Gilbert's "Mikado," but the book comes from the very real experiences of a very real young American.

By his own account, Haldore Hanson graduated from a Middle Western college in 1934 and went immediately to the Orient. There, first as a free-lance writer and later as a correspondent of the Associated Press, he saw more of the China war than all but a very few Westerners have been privileged to see. He was in Peiping when the Lukouchiao incident touched off the hostilities. From that time until his return to the United States, just a year ago, he covered the war, watching the Japanese armies from behind their own lines, observing their methods, traveling over the Chungking-Burma road with Chinese truck-drivers, interviewing Chinese and Japanese dignitaries, talking to Japanese soldiers and Chinese peasants.

Of his many exciting adventures and his several hairbreadth escapes, the most interesting are his experiences with the Chinese guerillas: his chapter on the train-wreckers deserves an honored place in the human history of China's heroic resistance to brutal invasion that will some day be written. But the whole book is good in varying degrees, and if the author is sometimes careless of statistics and sometimes guilty of strong partiality, his youth excuses his warm sympathies, and his keen powers of observation more than make up for his deficiencies as a scholar.

V. F.

PERSONALS

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YOUNG MANHATTANITE BACHELOR becoming increasingly disillusioned as to existence of sane young women who can enjoy the arts without being "arty," well informed without being encyclopedic, would welcome hearing from any survivor of this vanishing race. Box 660-D.

YOUNG AUTHOR, needs reliable position in New York; secretarial, registrar-receptionist experience; excellent references and appearance. Box 661-D.

COLLEGE ALUMNUS, '11-'20? Interests—sports, gardening, books, opera, chess? Alumna.

WISHING, Dreaming, Castle Builder, Diffident Bachelor, bored with muddled world, newspaper reports. Would welcome stimulating correspondence with gentlewoman, fond of books, open fireplaces, distant places—leisurely conversation. Box 381-D.

WANTED: Few weeks retreat in Northern New Jersey. Requirements: Peace—Simplicity—no social obligations—clean farm or village. Protestant woman. Box 662-D.

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CULTURED CLERGYMAN serving Church of working people in small industrial community, would correspond with refined Christian lady. Box 663-D.

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Double-Crostics: No. 308

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-P	2-Y	3-H	4-S		5-Q	6-A	7-I	8-K	9-J	10-T	11-O		12-T	13-M	14-Q	15-H
16-S	17-V	18-P	19-Z	20-F	21-D		22-Z	23-F	24-C	25-T	26-J	27-W	28-N	29-L	30-Y	31-I
	32-Y	33-E	34-C	35-I		36-M	37-C	38-G	39-S	40-P	41-Z	42-Q	43-T		44-A	45-K
46-C	47-U	48-V		49-Q	50-Y	51-L	52-D		53-I	54-B	55-U		56-J	57-X	58-F	59-D
	60-Q	61-I	62-X	63-C	64-E		65-U	66-L	67-I		68-V	69-P	70-C	71-Y	72-I	73-B
74-T	75-L	76-R	77-A		78-J	79-R	80-U	81-F	82-Q		83-A	84-L		85-K	86-A	87-G
	88-N	89-Y	90-Q	91-G	92-L	93-U		94-R	95-J	96-M	97-K		98-C	99-E		100-P
101-W	102-O	103-G	104-M	105-H	106-V	107-L	108-E		109-F	110-H	111-S	112-X	113-V	114-P	115-D	116-L
117-A		118-Z	119-X	120-G	121-V	122-C		123-C	124-E		125-Q	126-G	127-Y	128-K	129-A	130-Z
131-W		132-I	133-A	134-K		135-V	136-N	137-B	138-H	139-P	140-L	141-F	142-W	143-I	144-C	145-O
	146-L	147-E		148-Q	149-K	150-V	151-F	152-M	153-E	154-I	155-W		156-G	157-K	158-B	
159-M	160-C	161-H	162-O	163-N	164-G	165-I	166-Q	167-Y		168-U	169-M		170-R	171-H	172-B	173-S
	174-X	175-G	176-D		177-Z	178-F	179-C	180-V								

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary ***(1938 edition).***

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Tropical American yam.

B. Great experts; heavy blows (slang).

C. Essays by Ruskin (3 wds.)

D. Donkey.

E. Stylish (Brit. slang).

F. Whole, entire (tedious).

G. Spiritless.

H. Titular fruit in opera by Prokofieff.

I. Stifled laughing.

J. Round.

K. Thessalian people.

L. Play by Marston (1606).

M. Personal pronoun (emphatic form).

N. Excess of chances.

O. Monetary Japanese units.

P. Charming.

Q. Intensified.

R. Tetralogy by Wagner.

S. Shakespearean forest.

T. Very good (slang).

U. Bilingual.

V. Short prose tracts.

W. Composer of "Pomp and Circumstance."

X. Mother of Pentheus.

Y. Indian citizens of Oklahoma.

Z. Official notices.

WORDS

44 129 117 133 6 83 77 86

172 54 158 73 137

37 24 123 98 144 63 179 70 46 34 122 160

59 115 52 176 21

64 124 147 99 153 108 33

151 141 178 58 20 23 81 109

87 126 103 175 91 38 164 156 120

171 110 161 105 15 3 138

35 61 132 31 67 165 53 7 143 72 154

9 26 78 56 95

128 45 149 8 85 157 97 134

107 51 84 66 146 92 29 116 140 75

104 36 152 159 96 13 169

136 163 28 88

145 102 162 11

1 69 40 18 139 114 100

5 49 82 60 148 90 14 42 125 166

79 94 76 170

39 16 173 111 4

10 74 12 25 43

55 80 93 47 168 65

135 17 121 150 68 180 106 113 48

131 142 155 27 101

174 62 112 57 119

30 2 50 127 71 89 32 167

177 130 41 22 19 118

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE death of John Buchan, Baron Tweedsmuir—"a Scot of the Border breed" he called himself—is a universal sorrow. From school and college days he had shown the exceptional capacity for focussed hard work which is rather specially Scottish. Few men of letters in our time have risen so high in political counsels.

Chaucerian Birthday Party

☞Our mention of Manly and Rickert's notable *Text of the Canterbury Tales* (Univ. of Chicago Press, 8 vols., $40) brought a friendly letter from Helen Drew of the Rockford College department of English. Professor Drew tells us that the Modern Language Association at its recent meeting in New Orleans officially decided that Chaucer's birth was in 1340. ☞Accordingly, she says, her Chaucer class at Rockford voted to celebrate before the end of their half-year course. ☞Evidence of genuine Chaucerian enthusiasm was that the class met on Sunday, January 21; six of the young women, chosen by their classmates after try-out sessions, read passages of Chaucer in the Middle English manner. ☞Dr. Abbie Findlay Potts of the English faculty was the judge, awarded reproductions of a page of the Ellesmere MS as prizes, and also gave a witty presentation speech in Middle English. ☞Professor George Faust of Knox College, who was at Rockford as a guest, "expounded theories" about Criseyde that evoked lively discussion. ☞It sounds to have been very happy doings, and old Q—who has theories of his own about Criseyde—wishes he might have been there.

☞Asked if Lincoln's Birthday was a holiday, old Perseverance replied "I work then, same as Lincoln did." ☞But a pleasant adventure was dropping in to see our old friend Mr. Hartzov at G. A. Baker and Co. (3 West 46 St.) who have recently acquired one of the great collections of Lincolniana; including the 2 famous pages of an arithmetic textbook young Abe copied out when about ten years old. ☞Unable to own the book himself, the boy copied parts of it on whatever paper was available. ☞On one of these two pages (of which G. A. Baker & Co. have facsimiles for collectors) is the earliest known example of Abe's autograph, in the well-known jingle:—

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen
he will be good but
god knows When

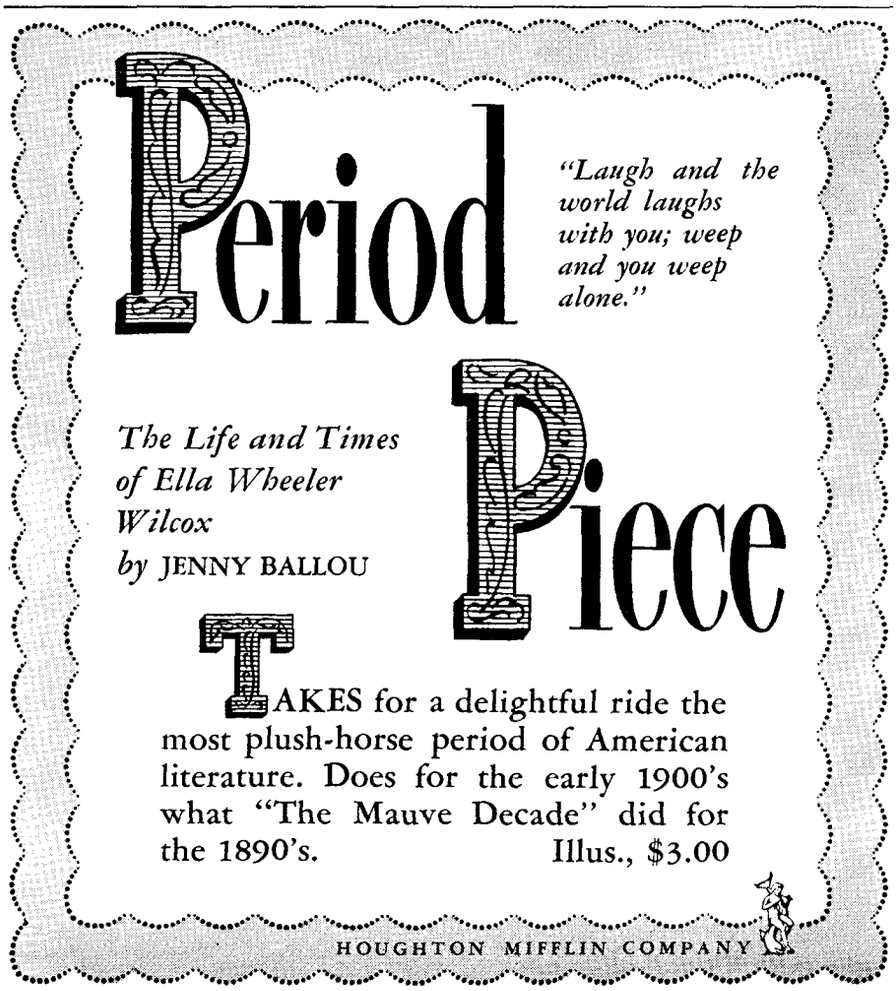
☞Winners of the American Booksellers' awards of 1939 were announced by Harry Hansen at the luncheon at the Hotel Astor, February 13. The books chosen by the booksellers themselves were as follows:—Favorite Fiction: *The Grapes of Wrath.* Favorite Non-Fiction:—*Wind, Sand and Stars.* Most Original Book:—*Johnny Got His Gun.* Booksellers' Discovery (a deserving book which the Trade think did not receive adequate recognition):—*Ararat,* by Elgin Groseclose.

☞Columbia University Press alarms us by remarking that Thomas Hardy was once judge of a beauty contest: they refer to their forthcoming biography *Hardy of Wessex,* by Carl J. Weber. ☞Archibald Henderson has promised to the University of North Carolina the gift of his collection of autograph material by George Bernard Shaw. ☞The announcement says "it will probably not be turned over to the University until 1945," which is evidently a warning to the old playboy. ☞The pawky old *Nation* celebrated its 75th anniversary lately with a vigorous oversize issue. We have read the old sheet from time to time—with considerable intervals for recuperation—for over 30 years, and have never yet found it lacking in a most blessed assurance. ☞But we are troubled about a usage in that same issue. The editors say that some of their old friends "advised with us" on plans for the celebration. ☞We are aware that this usage is frequent among liberal highbrows, but we still dislike it. Why not just "advised us"? ☞Even more grievous (while we are salting down Forehead) is the appeal of the Phi Beta Kappa News Magazine. They say "Do you know a good Phi B K joke? The ten best jokes will be told at the dinner and published in *The Key* Reporter." ☞We can hardly wait.

☞The Hampshire Bookshop's big enthusiasm for this spring is *Encyclopedia of Knots and Fancy Rope Work,* a vast and fascinating panorama ($10) of a noble ancient art. Marion Dodd calls it "a feast for the rest of our lives" and will fly a full signal-hoist about it at the drop of a postcard. ☞Old Q.'s inquiry (Jan. 27) about Wordsworth's *Prelude* is concisely answered by Maxwell Steinhardt. He writes:

> The edition of the *Prelude* to which you refer was published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in 1926, edited by Ernest de Selincourt. This edition contains the authorized text which first appeared in 1850 a few months after Wordsworth's death, together with the earlier version which had never been printed before and which the poet read to his friend Coleridge in 1805. The editor writes in a lengthy introduction the story of these two versions and it is quite a fascinating tale. I leave it to you to decide whether the earlier version is preferable to the *Prelude* as it was given originally to the world.

☞Old Q. entirely agrees with Marshall Best (Viking Press) that James Still's first novel, *River of Earth,* will be a happy discovery for sensitive readers; it has a tone and taste of its own, a well of good Kentucky English.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